

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1804

DECEMBER 1, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

### Education

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(b) EXAMINER in POLITICAL ECONOMY for Degrees in Arts, Science, and Law. The appointment will be for three years from January 1, 1907, at an annual salary of £21, with Hotel and Travelling Expenses in addition.

(c) EXAMINERS for DEGREES in ART and for the PRELIMINARY and BURSARY EXAMINATIONS, viz.: TWO EXAMINERS; (1) in *French* and (2) in *German*. The appointment in each case will be for three years from February 1, 1907, at the following annual salaries, viz.: *French*, £50, and *German*, £30, with Hotel and Travelling Expenses in addition.

(d) EXAMINERS for the PRELIMINARY and BURSARY EXAMINATIONS, viz.: TWO EXAMINERS, (1) in *Classics*, and (2) in *Mathematics and Dynamics*. The appointment in each case will be for three years from February 1, 1907, and the remuneration will be on the scale of 1s. 6d. per paper examined for Higher Preliminary Papers, and 1s. per paper examined for all Lower and Medical Preliminary papers, with Hotel and Travelling Expenses in addition.

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## DECEMBER

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 Amateur Estimates of Naval Policy. By Admiral Sir CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE, G.C.B.  
 The Balkan Question and International Law. By Professor J. WESTLAKE, K.C., LL.D.  
 The Race Suicide Scare. By JAMES W. BARCLAY.  
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 Physical Training in Stockholm and Copenhagen. By Mrs. SCHARLIEB, M.D., and Miss ALICE RAVENHILL.  
 Friendly Societies. By Sir EDWARD BRABROOK, C.B. (late Chief Registrar).  
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have received from a correspondent at Oxford some remarks which we find interesting as testifying to three things: a generous enthusiasm, almost mediæval in its tone, which our correspondent shares, we hope, with his fellow students; efficiency and interest in teachers, replacing the languid condescension which many older men remember as characteristic of their lecturers; and a general approximation of teacher and taught which is one of the best results of the modern movement that has made charming youth the most prominent feature of the University of to-day.

"Those who pretend to know," writes our correspondent "deplore that men of great inspiration like Jowett or Sidgwick are no longer to be found in our Universities. This is certainly not true with regard to the teachers of Literature at Oxford. Professor Raleigh has disciples, not pupils. A few weeks ago he was speaking of the relationship of Shakespeare to his age, and was saying that the Elizabethans, when they went to the theatre, wanted two things—murder and madness. He continued: 'They asked for murder—and Shakespeare gave them *Hamlet*: they asked for madness and he gave them *King Lear*.' A thrill swept over his audience, half awe, half admiration for a sentence, which contains so much. In the same way Mr. Mackail, the Professor of Poetry, has broken away from the usual disconnected lectures, and, although his lectures are given at irregular intervals, a unifying theme is apparent. Several months ago he spoke of the Progress of Poesy. Last term Homer was his subject. This term he has delivered two addresses full of suggestive reflections on Chaucer. Not only have frequent and delightful illustrations from Homer served to bridge the gulf, but an eloquent *coda* on Poetry of the higher order provides the thread, thin but not invisible, that attaches these lectures to the inaugural discourse." We are given to understand, too, from another source, that the lectures of the Slade Professor of Fine Arts are devoid neither of vigour nor interest.

The movement in favour of more humanity in the study of the classics, has had some influence even on that staid periodical, the *Classical Review*. Next year advanced scholars are to have the *Classical Quarterly*, and the original title is to represent a Review, which will pay more attention to the literary and educational sides of the classics. The names on the Advisory Board show clearly the new tendency. Professor Mackail and Dr. S. H. Butcher, M.P., have each written books, which are read as a joy, not a toil: and M. J. E. Page of Charterhouse is well known as a writer on classical subjects in one of the weekly reviews. It seems clear that, owing to the advent of a more utilitarian education,

the standard of classical knowledge among journalists and men of letters is not so high as in former years. Not counting the Laureate's slip which was pointed out by a contemporary, two delicious examples have lately reached us. Mr. Hilaire Belloc recently allowed Dionysius to figure as the god of wine, and in a popular magazine Lucian, by a fine Malapropism, was made to figure as a (presumably) Japanese lady—Lucia of Samosaka.

A number of prominent Irishmen assembled on Saturday last at the grave of Thomas Moore, in Bromham Churchyard, Wilts, when a Celtic cross of Irish limestone, twenty-four feet in height, was unveiled in his honour. This tribute, which his countrymen have paid him, comes, indeed, to borrow his own words:

Like a smile from the West,  
From his own loved island of sorrow.

Sloperton Cottage, near Bromham, whither he migrated at Lord Lansdowne's invitation, was the home of his later years, and the tradition of his residence has survived among the people of the neighbourhood, who testified their genuine interest in last week's ceremony. Mr. Dillon expressed himself as deeply moved by the kindly welcome which he and his friends received. He dwelt upon Moore's excellence as a political satirist, while Lord Fitzmaurice emphasised his gift of melody.

Few but special students of the period will trouble their heads, nowadays, about Moore's satire; it is by his melody that Moore survives, chiefly in such ballads as "Oft in the stilly night" or "The young May Moon is shining, love," which once heard are not easy to forget. These things are "simple, sensuous," and (perhaps) "sincere." They can only perish when all mankind are more critical than sentimental. It is not long ago that that very able critic, M. René Huchon, raised a little feeling by contrasting, in a speech at Bath, Thomas Moore unfavourably with Crabbe and Bowles; but M. Huchon was undoubtedly giving voice to the best critical opinion of to-day. But no one could grudge Moore his little celebration. He was an Irishman, and a very clever one, and his verse has probably given more pleasure to readers in all walks of life than that of any poet of these last two hundred years. The days when young gentlemen coming to dine "brought their flutes in their pockets" are over. The flute and Thomas Moore have had their days as things of fashion. Nevertheless, there is Mr. Albert Fransella playing divinely on the flute at Queen's Hall, and Thomas Moore still bringing the tear to young and beautiful eyes.

We hope there is nothing offensive in pointing out that the shadow of the national bull was apparent at one part of the Wiltshire celebration. A paper of Mr. Justin McCarthy's was read, in which it was noted that in the works of Dickens there was only one quotation from a poem, and that poem was Moore's. This was mentioned (according to the reporters) as impressive evidence of the popularity attained by an intensely Irish poet among intensely English readers. An extraordinary inference to draw! A single quotation from an author does not go far towards proving that author's popularity, nor do we allege Shakespeare's two citations from (and one parody of) Marlowe as proof of Marlowe's wide acceptance. The most that a Saxon head would deduce from Mr. McCarthy's data is, that Dickens, unlike his own Silas Wegg, was not in the habit "of dropping into poetry."

Duff House, of which the Duke of Fife has recently made a public gift, is not without literary associations. In 1773, on his journey to the Hebrides, Dr. Johnson visited Banff. "I sent Joseph on to Duff House," it is recorded in his "Journal," "but Earl Fife was not at home." At Banff, Boswell tells us, "Dr. Johnson wrote a long letter to Mrs. Thrale. . . He verified his own doctrine," remarks the faithful chronicler, "that a man

may always write when he will set himself doggedly to it." Fourteen years later Robert Burns was more fortunate on the occasion of his visit to Banff, for on being conducted through Duff House he was so struck with the paintings of some the Stuarts in the great drawing-room that he went over the mansion a second time. Southey, with his friend, Telford, the famous engineer, was in Banff in 1819, and in his diary makes interesting allusion to Duff House.

Giosu  Carducci, who has won the Nobel prize, ranks with Gabriele d'Annunzio as one of the great poets of modern Italy. His literary bias is said to be due to an incident in his youth. He had a pet falcon and a tame wolf, but his father wrung the neck of the one and gave away the other. Hence the young Carducci took a violent dislike—not to his father, but to Manzoni, his father's favourite author. The submissive spirit of Manzoni had suited the age of despotism in Italy, but Carducci, who was born in 1836, felt the renovating breath of a new political era, and sought to express new ideas in a new form. His "Hymn to Satan," in which he glorified the spirit that revolts against ecclesiastical authority, produced as great a sensation as the poet wished, but his fame will rest perhaps on his "Barbaric Odes," in which he revives the forms of classical antiquity, and sings as did Horace, but in a modern spirit, of patriotism and the pleasures of wine and love.

Carducci, though he talks oftenest of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and classic personages, has evidently taken interest in English literature. In his "Hymn to Satan," he introduces Wiclif, and in a poem that he wrote to the urn that contained the ashes of Shelley, he alone of the moderns is given a place in "the sacred isle" of poets. In "Brindisi," Carducci alludes to a story about Cromwell. Some "saints" found him drinking. Said Oliver, looking at his boon companions: "They think we're seeking for the Lord, whereas really we're seeking for the corkscrew." Most characteristic of all is the poem in which Carducci represents himself as driving through the Maremma, reading Marlowe. His matter seemed to the reader like the dream of a man who had drunk too much beer. Under its influence the landscape darkened: the forest filled with phantoms; trees took the form of the witches of Macbeth; when suddenly there appeared Argentaro, bathed in sunshine, and the waves of the blue sea breaking into foam at its feet. The nightmare vanished, and the works of Marlowe went circling through the air into a wayside pool.

The coming Basque Conference at Bilbao must be an extremely interesting event to the veteran Basque scholar, Mr. Wentworth Webster of Sare, and would have delighted Mr. Gladstone with his particularist and Basque sympathies. On his last visit to Biarritz Mr. Gladstone devoted much time to the study of the pre-Aryan language under Mr. Webster's guidance. Mr. Butler Clarke also would have followed its proceedings with special knowledge; and so, judging from his literary study of another ancient people—the Calabrians—might Mr. George Gissing, who died within the Basque borders. There seems no doubt that the meeting has some political intentions, but on the Spanish, not on the French side. The French Basques are contented, although their racial peculiarities are completely ignored by their Government; the Spanish Basques on the other hand are so anxious for the full recovery of their local customs, or *fueros*, that, failing the compliance of the Spanish Government, they might aspire to a Republic, which on racial lines should take a slice out of the Basses Pyr n es. Thus France would be threatened at both ends of the Spanish Frontier, for the Catalanian ideal Republic, as sketched at Barcelona, includes those of Catalan race in the Pyr n es-Orientales, whose ancestors once lived under the

Spanish flag. But for the world generally and probably for the majority of the Basques themselves, the interest of this gathering will be literary and historical, and, if strangers are admitted, it is to be hoped that some of our English Basque scholars will make a point of attending.

Politicians for their own purposes insist on the exclusive and separatist character of these racial movements; and it is, indeed, possible to turn them into engines of hate and disruption. But their *raison d' tre*—the study by a people of themselves—if faithfully pursued, leads in an opposite direction. The investigations of the anthropologist, the philologist, and the arch ologist make for a wider brotherhood, and no narrow federation. It would be folly, for instance, to affirm that there was no Celtic blood in the English counties outside Cornwall. Many a native of Somerset and Dorset might claim admission to a Brythonic Confederation on the ground of remote Celtic ancestry. Even between the Briton and Basque there is a tie of blood. The Basques are the descendants of the neolithic people—the Iberians—who inhabited the whole of Western Europe before the Aryan invasion; and, in Mr. S. R. Gardiner's words, "they are the only Iberians who preserve anything like purity of descent." But the parent stock survived elsewhere. They were not wiped out, they were absorbed by their Celtic conquerors. They formed, therefore, the original stuff of that mixed race from which the inhabitants of these islands spring, and though here their language perished, many of their characteristics, as Mr. Anwyl has lately pointed out in his suggestive sketch of "Celtic Religion," remained "with marvellous persistence." Research into characteristics on both sides might yield a common denominator between Briton and Basque.

The same question in a slightly different form will be raised at the Congress of the Soci t s Savantes at Montpellier next year, the programme of which has been sent us by our correspondent, Mr. H. H. Johnson. Among the subjects of communication proposed are the areas of Catalan-speaking and Basque-speaking people, as against Langue d'Oc, Gascon and B arnais. Among the other subjects, which include History and Philology, and pre-Roman, Roman, Medi val and Musulman Arch ology, there occurs one of topical interest to English people—the political vote of women. "Le vote politique et communal conf r  aux femmes en Languedoc . . . au XIV si cle. Examiner dans quelles conditions ce droit s'est exerc , ou a pu s'exercer, dans les cessions de villes ou de villages de la m me  poque, et notamment lors de . . . 1252."

On Saturday, December 1, Messrs. Sotheby have an interesting sale of autograph letters and historical documents, sign manuals of sovereigns, rare letters of actors and actresses, documents relating to the Civil Wars, and important State papers. Amongst the sovereigns represented are Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Francis I. of France, Queen Anne, George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. There are also letters from Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., Napoleon I., Napoleon III., and Louis Philippe; and from Dr. Johnson, Locke, Moore, Horace Walpole, Shelley, Racine, George Morland, and J. M. W. Turner, and Garrick and Kitty Clive. On Thursday, December 6, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of the late Dr. Richard Garnett. The collection naturally includes a good deal of poetry—mainly modern. Bibliography, biography, and history are strongly represented, there are a large number of presentation copies. Perhaps the most notable feature of the sale will be the three Note-books of autograph manuscript matter kept by Shelley, a considerable portion of which has not been published. Many of Dr. Garnett's own books are, of course, in the sale.



On December 3 commences a three days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of ancient manuscripts and valuable and rare printed books, the property of Mr. L. W. Hodson, of Compton Hall, Wolverhampton. The manuscripts are of the twelfth to the fifteenth century and are mostly on religious subjects. Some are from the Library of the late William Morris. There is a large number of fifteenth-century books from the same Library, some of them very fine examples of early printing. On the second day will be sold first editions of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* and other works and no less than twenty-five of the Kelmscott Press Publications *Printed on vellum*. Very few copies—only five to ten—as a rule were printed on vellum. There will also be put up for sale the Original Autograph Manuscripts of twenty-four of Morris's Poems, including the *The Earthly Paradise* and the *Life and Death of Jason*.

Yesterday (November 30) the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus was performed in the original Greek by members of Cambridge University, at the New Theatre, Cambridge; and we have received from Mr. John Willis Clark, the secretary to the committee, a copy of the volume prepared for the performance of the same play in December 1885, containing the text of the acting version, with an English translation by the late Dr. Verrall on the opposite pages, and a brief introduction by the same scholar. Mr. Clark is responsible for the dress, properties, and scenery, the last being the work of Mr. Hemsley, partly repainted from that made by Mr. John O'Connor for the previous performance, and partly new. The tragedy will be played also on December 1, 3, 4 and 5 at 8.30 P.M., with a matinee at 2.30 on December 1. The prices of seats range from 1s. to £2, and are to be procured at the box office of the theatre. Except for Mr. F. R. Benson's abbreviated version in English, when the play took its place as a member of the great trilogy, the *Eumenides*, or *Furies*, has never been seen, we believe, on the stage in England since its production in 1815 at Cambridge.

The Heritage of Art in English Book-binding was the subject, although not the exact title of a lecture by Mr. Cyril Davenport at the first monthly meeting of the session of the Library Association at Hanover Square. Mr. Davenport is justly famed for his lantern slides. The colourings of the slides are by his own brush, and all the examples are superb. The work of women binders, and the "style" founded by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson show that a great revival of the art of book-binding, quite distinct from the improvement of the processes from a commercial point of view, has taken place in England within recent times. A new preservative for book-bindings was submitted to the meeting. The "medium" of "Vishnu" is benzine, and it is claimed that cloth and leather treated with it are rendered waterproof, besides being greatly improved, and the life of the material lengthened.

#### The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.—General Monthly Meeting. Monday, December 3, at 5 P.M.

Royal Geographical Society.—The Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, December 10, at 8.30 P.M., "Irrigation in the United States: its Geographical and Economical Results," by Major John H. Beacom, U.S. Army.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, December 3. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers. Wednesday, December 5: Third Ordinary Meeting. Colonel Sir Charles Watson on the Metric System.—At 4.30 P.M., Tuesday, December 4. The Hon. Sir Lewis Mitchell on The Cape to Cairo Railway.

Linnean Society.—General Meeting, at 8 P.M. on Thursday, December 6. Papers: (1) Professor A. J. Ewart, "A Contribution to the

Physiology of the Museum Beetle, *Anthrenus muscorum* (Linn.); (2) Mr. E. R. Burdon, "Note on the Origin of the name *Chermes* or *Kermes*." Exhibitions: (1) Dr. A. T. Masterman, An abnormal specimen of a Dab with three eyes; (2) Rev. H. Purefoy FitzGerald, A Note on *Siegesbeckia orientalis*, Linn.

Aristotelian Society, 22 Albemarle Street, W.—Monday, December 3, at 8 P.M. Hon. Bertrand Russell on The Nature of Truth.

Philological Society.—University College, Friday, December 5, at 8 P.M. A paper by Dr. H. Oelsner.

Elizabethan Literary Society, Toynbee Hall.—Wednesday, December 5, Mr. John Masefield on An Elizabethan Pirate.

South Place Ethical Society.—Wednesday, December 5, Public Conference. Mr. Robb Lawson on The Shavian Drama.

Art Exhibitions.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metal-work, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc.: October 22 to January 1.—Graves Galleries: Paintings of Flowers in Oil by Louise E. Perman.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—T. McLean. Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—R. Gute-unst: Etchings by Rembrandt, Ostade and Van Dyck. November 5 to December 3.—Obach: The Society of Twelve. November 5 for one month.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. November 7.—Tooth and Sons. Pastels by Arthur Wardle. November 7.—Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours: Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club; Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. December 3. Sculpture and Drawings by Countess Feodora Gleichen. Medals and Decorative Work by Miss Elinor Hallé. Paintings by Countess Helena Gleichen.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: November 17. Landscapes in Cornwall and Devon (water-colour) by S. J. Lamorna Birch. Water-colours of Cities of Spain by Henry C. Brewer.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon. Water-colours by Miss H. Donald-Smith till December 22.—Manchester Art Gallery. Exhibition of Works of Mr. Holman Hunt, including some not on view at the Leicester Galleries.

Plays: English Drama Society. Three of the Chester Mystery Plays: *The Salutation*, *The King's Play*, *The Shepherd's Play*, at the Bloomsbury Hall, Hart Street, on December 4, 5 and 6, at 9 P.M., and December 4 and 6, at 3.30 P.M.—Stage Society. Scala Theatre, December 9 and 10. *The Weavers*, by Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by Mary Morison.—New Theatre, Cambridge. *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus in the original Greek, acted by members of the University. November 30 and December 1, 3, 4 and 5 at 8.30 and December 1 at 2.30.—Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.—Garrick Theatre, December 11 and 13. Matinees of *Macbeth*. *Macbeth*, Mr. Bouchier. Lady *Macbeth*, Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

Concerts.—Saturday, December 1, Albert Hall: Madame Patti, 3. Saturday, December 1, Queen's Hall: Symphony Concert, 3. Saturday, December 1, Aeolian Hall: Mr. Hugo Heinz, 3.—Saturday, December 1, Royal Opera (last night), *La Bohème*, 8.30. Sunday, December 2, Queen's Hall: Sunday Concert, 3.—Monday, December 3, Queen's Hall: London Symphony Orchestra, 8.—Monday, December 3, Aeolian Hall: Edouard Risler, 8.—Monday, December 3, Bechstein Hall: Joachim Quartet, 8.—Tuesday, December 4, Aeolian Hall: Chamber Music Concerts, 12 noon.—Tuesday, December 4, Aeolian Hall: R. Buhlig, 3.—Tuesday, December 4, Bechstein Hall: Herr Sandor Raab, 3.—Wednesday, December 5, Queen's Hall: Joachim Quartet, 3.—Wednesday, December 5, Aeolian Hall: Mr. Dalton Baker, 3.15.—Thursday, December 6, Aeolian Hall: Broadwood Concert, 8.30.—Thursday, December 6, Aeolian Hall: Edouard Risler, 3.—Friday, December 7, Bechstein Hall: Joachim Quartet, 3.—Friday, December 7, Bechstein Hall: Mme. C. Cahier, 8.30.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: December 1. Sale of Autograph Letters. December 3-5. Sale of the Library of L. O. Hodson, Esq.

## LITERATURE

### THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

*George Duke of Cambridge.* A Memoir of his Private Life. Edited by EDGAR SHEPPARD, C.V.O., D.D. 2 vols. (Longmans, 24s. net.)

It was inevitable that the Life of the Duke of Cambridge should carry us into an atmosphere which may be said to

have been partly of the Court and partly of the camp. He lived a long and interesting life in the very centre of movement, so to speak, and we might almost say that for generations his figure was nearly essential to official pageants. The part he played in national history rendered him eminently worthy of a biography, although at the same time Dr. Edgar Sheppard might have done well to condense the "memoirs of his private life" into one volume instead of filling two. Of things that might have been left out we may instance those early diaries. They contain entries such as the following:

*January 7.*—To-day I am sorry to say I do not feel I have acted well in many respects. I showed some signs of cowardice on horseback. I had a very bad Latin lesson and made many careless mistakes in it. I mean to try all in my power to be better for the future. I shot through the bull's eye in shooting at the Target. Finished a drawing for my Aunt Gloucester.

*April 11.*—I fear I have got a very bad habit of going into the drawing-room not straight to the Queen, which is very vulgar and ill-behaved. I likewise, when I have saluted, have gone away and not returned sometimes till I have gone away. These faults must be avoided.

Remarks such as these excite some astonishment in our mind, because the Duke of Cambridge was nothing of a prig, as any one might know who caught the most casual glimpse of his face. But the explanation follows in due course, and here it is:

Mr. Wood appears to have exercised the very closest supervision over his pupil's diary. After looking over the later entries for 1834, he pronounced them "very childish and bad." "In consequence of this," writes Prince George, "he gave me some good advice about the manner of writing it, and said he was very anxious that I should continue to do it well, as it would be of great use to me to store up my thoughts upon any particular subject . . ."

A boy's diary written under the supervision of a tutor who seems to have thought childishness a vice was certainly not worth reprinting, still less reproducing in facsimile, as is done opposite page 11. It affords no aid whatever to any true understanding of the Duke's life, yet his history was sufficiently full of incident to have made the employment of such devices superfluous.

He was born on March 26, 1819, and baptized with great pomp on May 11. One of the most amusing incidents connected with his childhood occurred when he nearly fell a victim to scarlet fever. The doctors had begun to despair of his life, and a message was sent to his father, who at the time was dining, to the effect that he was sinking:

The Duke was drinking a Rhine wine named Steinberger, and, unable to think of any other means of reviving the boy, he hurried to the sick-room with a glass of this wine and forced the child to drink it. The effect was extraordinary. From that hour the Prince began to mend, and the fever abated, but the effects of the illness left him delicate for some years. Until 1837 Steinberger was always drunk on His Royal Highness's birthday to commemorate his marvellous recovery.

The career of the Duke of Cambridge was dealt with in a full and satisfactory manner in Colonel Willoughby Vernon's "Military life of H.R.H. George Duke of Cambridge," so that the interest of the present book lies chiefly in the detail it gives. In the midst of much grave writing we occasionally come across a paragraph that to our day and generation must sound amusing. Take for example this letter from the Queen sent from Windsor Castle on February 6, 1857:

In the midst of so much that is so important, I forgot a trifle, but still which I think ought not to be any longer overlooked. It is the *moustaches*, as regards the *men and officers serving* (I don't mean any of the old Generals, etc. etc.) should no longer be optional, but ordered to be worn. The effect in the Ranks altogether is bad, when you see some with and some without them. I think this should now be done without delay . . .

The boy who wrote such very nice diaries proved quite capable of thinking for himself when he grew older. On the subject of marriage, for instance, he had formed very decided opinions by the time he was twenty-one. They were that:

In the choice of a wife no considerations of expediency would be allowed by him to weigh in the balance against the dictates of affection. He was ready and eager to devote to the service of his country unselfishly and unsparingly all his energies and all his abilities, but he claimed that his private life was his own, to be disposed of by him as he might think fit and proper.

Statesmen could not be forgetful of how near he was to the British throne, and politicians put forward, tentatively, the names of many ladies with whom it would be desirable to form an alliance, but:

He had met and fallen in love with Miss Louisa Fairbrother, a actress of great beauty, and he determined to make her his wife. The marriage was, of course, morganatic, and as the Royal consent was neither sought nor granted it followed that there was of necessity a sharp line of demarcation between the Duke's public and private life. Mrs. FitzGeorge, as she became on her marriage, took up her residence in Queen Street, Mayfair, where the Duke devoted to his wife all the hours he could spare from his public duties and private engagements.

The union was a long and happy one, and when she died in 1890 her husband of seventy was as grieved as a young lover could have been. "How I miss her!" he wrote from Cannes. "It is indescribable and nothing more so at this moment when absent than not hearing from or writing to her daily as has always been our habit since we first met."

She bore three sons to him, all of whom adopted the profession of arms. Of course much interest will be directed to the way in which the Duke met his compulsory retirement. He thus records the first intimation in his diary:

*May 19.*—Had a lengthened conversation with Campbell-Bannerman on a wish expressed that I should, before the end of this year, retire from my command of the Army with a view to great changes being made at the War Office. This decision has filled me with the very deepest sorrow, as I still feel quite equal to the performance of my duties, and never anticipated such a decision being come to without my willing consent, but I must submit as best I can to the inevitable, but I own that I am disgusted with this, to my mind, most unjustifiable proceeding, though Mr. C.-B. was most amiable in all he said.

But complications arose:

After announcement of changes at the War Office and Horse Guards involving my retirement, the Government were defeated (by 7 on a War Office Estimate Grant, a censure being cast on Mr. C.-Bannerman, who immediately tendered his resignation. The complication thus created becomes very curious. 22nd.—On reaching home found numerous letters of sympathy and condolence on last night's announcement of my retirement from Commander-in-Chief of the Army, made by Mr. C.-Bannerman. 24th.—The feeling in the Army and indeed in all quarters on the subject of my relinquishing, or being called upon to retire from my post is intense, and a very beautiful amount of sympathy is shown.

And this entry, dated October 31, 1895, marks a pathetic ending to his military career:

31st.—My last day of office! Too sad! Drove to the Old Horse Guards, where a Deputation of the Lieutenantcy of London came to present me with an address of regret on my withdrawal from office. From there went to the Pall Mall Office, and at 4.30 took leave of all the Officers of my own Department, and leading Clerks, as also of the Civil side, where a very large number attended and I made them a farewell address, which I believe was good, though extremely painful and distressing to me. In the evening I had a dinner at home, a farewell to all my Horse Guards Staff, Prince Edward and Dolly being the only exceptions. The rest of the party were Buller, Gipps, Evelyn Wood, Grenfell, Duncan, Lowe, Gordon, Grant, Maitland, Lloyd, Augustus, Downe, Algy Lennox, Davidson, Ardagh, MacKinnon, Wilson, Chapman, Luck, Markham, Albert Williams. I made another farewell speech and thus my official duties came to a close. It is a sad moment to me and I feel it intensely, the general feeling of regret at my departure and sympathy with me, as well as appreciation of my long services, being my only consolation. November 1.—So now I am out of Official life, though I have my hands still full of matters connected with my withdrawal from office, dinners, letters of regret, etc.; of course I have ceased to go to the Office.

In reviewing the Life, it is impossible not to recognise that the Duke of Cambridge was a strong, patriotic and self-sacrificing servant of the Crown. At the end of his days, when he looked back on his long career, he must have seen less to regret than most of us, and much cause for thankfulness and pride.



## HOMER AND HIS AGE

*Homer and his Age.* By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

WE welcome another powerful counterblast from the graceful and vigorous pen of Mr. Andrew Lang against the disintegrators of the poems of Homer. The knife which Wolf put into the hands of critics more than a hundred years ago has been very rashly used by his successors, who have slashed at not only Homer but even Thucydides and Xenophon. In the case of Homer the Wolfian knife has been blunted by the fact that no one now believes in an Iliad and Odyssey orally transmitted from generation to generation. The main position of Wolf was that the poems could not have been committed to writing. It is certain now that they might have been written, and it is therefore presumable that they were. In a previous work, "Homer and the Epic," Mr. Lang has examined the literary objections to Homeric unity, based chiefly on alleged discrepancies in the narrative. But such discrepancies would justify a school of "Chorizontes" impugning the unity of Goethe, and of Sir Walter Scott, who in "The Antiquary" makes the sun set in the east. In the present volume little is said about consistency; the aim is to show that the poet depicts the life of a single brief age of culture, that the poems are the product of a single age, not a mosaic of the work of several (at least four) changeful centuries:

This must be the case—if the life drawn is harmonious, the picture must be the work of a single epoch—for it is not in the nature of early uncritical times that later poets should adhere, or even try to adhere, to the minute details of law, custom, opinion, dress, weapons, houses, as presented in earlier lays or sagas on the same set of subjects.

Poets in uncritical times do not "archaise," they are not careful to give to their heroes the accoutrements of ages long gone by. Even the literary and self-conscious Virgil did not take on his shoulders the burden, under which very late poetasters like Quintus Smyrnaeus "sweat and grunt," to little purpose or effect. And those who postulate archaising poets are not consistent. Even Helbig admits that they sometimes allowed themselves to be influenced by their own environment; they were bad archaisers; as though a modern novelist laying his scene in ancient Rome should refrain indeed from introducing motor-cars, but should make his *personæ* sit up side by side at table, as we do now, instead of reclining on couches after the manner of the ancient Romans.

Quintus Smyrnaeus consciously archaises in a critical age with Homer as his model. Any one who believes that in an uncritical age the rhapsodists archaised with such success as the presumed late poets of the Iliad must have done, may try his hand in our critical age on a ballad in the style of the Border Ballads. If he succeeds in introducing nothing that will at once mark his work as modern, he will be more successful than any poet who has made the experiment, and more successful than the most ingenious modern forgers of gems, jewels and terra cottas. They seldom deceive experts, and when they do other experts detect the deceit.

It is in archaeological discoveries that Mr. Lang finds his most convincing proofs that the Iliad is, speaking broadly, the production of a single age. The argument turns mainly on the Homeric armour.

Dr. Wolfgang Reichel in a remarkable monograph which appeared in 1894, pointed out that the views held hitherto on the subject of Homeric armour are quite erroneous because they contradict the Mycenaean discoveries. The poet speaks of round shields, of shields which are equal on every side. Now those found at Mycenæ are long, and shaped like a figure 8, not circular: and so large as to be hardly portable—hence the chariot, which according to Reichel was useful mainly for carrying the warrior encumbered with his "enveloping shield" from one part of the field of battle to another. But Homer calls the shield *τεκνικῶς* and *ἡπυρόν* *Ἴλιον*, which would seem to mean "circular." Accordingly Reichel, finding the words against him, adopts the attitude of the French theoriser who said

"tant pis pour les faits." He says "tant pis pour les mots," which he proceeds to mishandle violently. The first epithet does not mean "circular" but "made of circular plates," while the second denotes "well balanced on every side." Here one may remark that Dr. Reichel and his followers might, in repudiating the meaning "circular," have given a far more natural sense to *ἵλιον*, which might denote "effective, equal to the purpose which it was designed to serve," just as *δαυδὸς ἵλιον* means a meal "adequate, equal to the appetites it was meant to satisfy." "Equally divided" is impossible on linguistic as well as archaeological grounds. The epithets *ἀμφιβρότη* and *τεκνικῶς* may well describe a buckler which shields the unprotected parts of the whole body. Mr. Lang remarks in a passage introducing one of his characteristic quips, too rare in the present volume for his admirers:

Some scholars, then, believe that the old original poet always described Mycenaean shields, which are of various shapes but never circular in Mycenaean art. If there are any circular shields in the poems, these, they say, must have been introduced by poets accustomed in a much later age to seeing circular bucklers. Therefore Homeric words hitherto understood as meaning "circular" must now mean something else—even if the reasoning seems circular.

It must be noted, however, that the poet seems to recognise some shields which were as large as the Mycenaean (the shape is not mentioned). As Hector walked, the rim of his shield knocked against his neck and his ankles. Either, then, the poet gave to his hero, as a special distinction, the antique shield of which a tradition survived, or the buckler was of the usual size and shape, but was secured by a long strap which galled his neck, while it allowed the buckler to flap against his legs, when not in action. At all events it was not so large as to prevent him from walking under it from the field of battle into Troy.

As regards the *θώρηξ*, the position of the Reichelians is still more difficult. No breastplate, corslet, hauberk, or anything of the kind has been found in the Mycenaean graves. But the corslet pervades the Homeric poems. The Reichelians take a bold course. They declare that *θώρηξ* means not "corslet" in particular but "armour" in general. The verb *θωρήσασθαι* meant "to put on one's armour," though the Mycenaean warriors would appear to have fought practically naked, or in something like bathing-drawers, with a very long shield shaped like the figure 8:

Surely we might as well argue that "waistcoat" might come to mean "body clothing in general," as that a word for the male breast became first a synonym for the covering of the male buttocks, then for apparel in general, then for a bronze breastplate.

The Zoma, Mitre, Zoster are similarly dealt with. The Zoma is the loin-cloth or drawers shown on Mycenaean intaglios, the Mitre is a band of metal worn round the waist under the Chiton, the Zoster a similar belt worn over the tunic—a strange arrangement. Bronze greaves are not found in Mycenaean tombs, therefore the passage in which they are mentioned (Il. vii. 41) is spurious. Against the Procrustean method of Dr. Reichel, Mr. Lang sets a reasonable statement that Homer describes a state of military equipment in advance of that of the most famous Mycenaean graves, but other than that of the late "warrior vase"; and that the words he uses in describing the weapons of his warriors must be understood in their natural sense.

The account in the Iliad and Odyssey of the use of iron and bronze is harmonious, and points to poems composed in a single age, not in five successive centuries. The Homeric house is not the Hellenic house of classical times, and resembles closely the dwellings of Icelandic chiefs, but the account of it is consistent throughout the poems. The chapters on the notes of change in the Odyssey, the linguistic proofs of various dates for the poems, the "Doloneia" and the interpolated speeches of Nestor (supposed to be due to a tradition that Nestor was an ancestor of Pisistratus) are very pleasant and relieve

the reader, now somewhat exhausted by the tension of the main theme. The general conclusion is that the Iliad at all events is the work of one age and was a whole—with some interpolations—centuries before Pisistratus.

We welcome so able a champion on the conservative side of the Homeric controversy, and find in his book a new proof of that amazing versatility so well set forth in the charming "Oxford Echoes." Here are the first two verses, with apologies for violating the unity of a ballade:

You ask me, Fresher, who it is  
Who rhymes, researches, and reviews,  
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,  
And sometimes for the *Daily News*;  
Who jests in words that angels use  
And is most solemn with most slang:  
Who's who, who's which, and which is whose?  
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Quips, Quirks are his, and Quiddities,  
The Epic and the teacup Muse,  
Bookbindings, Aborigines,  
Ballads that banish all the Blues,  
Young married life among Yahoos,  
An Iliad, an Orang-outang,  
Triolets, Totems, and Tattoos—  
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

### THE FUTURE IN AMERICA

*The Future in America.* A Search after Realities. By H. G. WELLS. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the eighteenth century the English middle classes were the most enlightened order of men of their age. Their intelligence was not, perhaps, so acute as that of the French, but their minds were more comprehensive. Their knowledge was obtained more by experience than by study, and in their novel and extensive experience in matters of trade, manufacture, and politics there were implicit all the principles of modern industrial civilisation. They instituted, as a matter of practice, the movement of illumination which the French bourgeoisie adopted and elaborated as a matter of theory.

Of this movement the present civilisation of America is the most complete monument. The colonial branch of the English middle classes was the only community which was able to break away entirely from ancient custom and build up a new form of government on a strong and fixed framework of eighteenth-century thought. Their work, however, does not appear so glorious a thing in its achievement as it did in its inception. The founders of the American Republic had an inclination towards the political philosophy of their age, and this philosophy was analytical in method and destructive in operation. In an extreme reaction against the mediæval tradition of the restraint and subordination of trade, the writers of the new school resolved society into its individual elements, removed everything that impeded the play of the forces of industrialism, and left those forces to develop and overwhelm the state. Possessed of the resources of a continent and bent wholly on material expansion, the American people embodied the ideas of these writers in their constitution. The result was that they rapidly attained their immediate object, but lost the notion of a commonwealth in the pursuit of private ends, and became subject to the most powerful plutocracy in the world.

In England, on the other hand, where society was more stable and complex, and the controlling power of the state less impaired, the individualistic spirit of the middle classes has been gradually restrained by law, while the movement of enlightenment, spreading from the merchants and manufacturers to the artisans and labourers, has prevented the lower orders from turning to socialism with the blind enthusiasm of the proletariat of the continent. The English race, fortunately, is able to conduct its experiments in its colonies. For instance, it is now as busily engaged in New Zealand in working

out the socialistic ideas of the nineteenth century as it was in America in working out the individualistic ideas of the eighteenth century. In the meantime there has been founded in the motherland another movement of enlightenment which threatens to undermine in its progress both the fabric of individualism and the fabric of socialism, and to frame out of the ruin a new form of political thought, of which the structure, however, has not yet been clearly designed. For the men of the new school seem to be more remarkable for critical talent than for constructive genius. Even the inventive mind of Mr. H. G. Wells is unequal to the task of reducing the insubstantial vision of a "New Utopia" to a matter of practical politics. His gift for building up picturesque and grandiose generalisations on a slight ground of fact, makes him more trustworthy as a critic than as a thinker. He has, however, the satirist's trick of suppression and exaggeration, and he employs it admirably. His most striking works are those in which he singles out one of the many streams of tendency in modern life, and depicts a civilisation in which it has become the omnipotent force. "When the Sleeper Wakes," for example, is an astonishing caricature of the inordinate individualism of the American sort. "The Future in America," a sober study of the same subject, is, we think, below it in insight as well as in effectiveness. In his "search after realities" Mr. Wells has discovered some potent and salutary influences which he did not divine in the composition of his romance, but he seems to have overlooked the very matter to which in his work of fiction he attached most importance—the political aims of the plutocracy. America is being rapidly transformed from an indefinite state of republicanism into a definite state of industrial feudalism. In some respects this is a progress. No doubt, if the American people were the most enlightened race in the history of mankind they would be guided more by the logic of ideas than by the logic of facts. As, however, they respond, like most masses of men, more readily to material coercion than to intellectual suasion, they have had to evolve a governing class wielding a force that rests on wealth. They have now arrived at the position which the English people attained in the eighteenth century. Of course, the immediate purpose of American oligarchy is to augment its power at the expense of the populace. But, after all, a strong oligarchy is a good defence against Cæsarism. If this peril be averted, and it is one which is foreshadowed in the present socialistic agitation, it will not be difficult for so spirited a race as the Americans to recover from their plutocracy a large measure of self-government when the political organisation of their immense country has been completed and regulated.

Mr. Wells's book is written rather in a mood of despondency. Energy, initiative, and unintermittent growth—these things he expected to find in America, and these things he has found. But it was not in search of them that he travelled. He wanted to trace some suggestion of a strong and definite national purpose directing the general life of the country, and moulding it into a new kind of State, neither individualistic nor socialistic, about which his own vague ideas of progress might form and play. In the reaction of disappointment he has turned to socialism as the weary agnostic turns to spiritualism. There, he is inclined to think, the confusion of purposes, traditions, and habits is at any rate resolved into a common, ordered intention. But that is true also of Cæsarism, and Cæsarism, unfortunately, is the only effective instrument of destruction which an unthinking populace with little political instinct can employ against an oligarchy. Mr. Wells seldom examines the means to the end which he has in view. The study of science has excited only his imaginative faculty. Science in the making is partly a thing of facts; science in the learning is wholly a thing of generalisations. Mr. Wells was nourished so long at the Royal College of Science on the pap of pre-digested ideas, that he has never been able to acquire a taste for the hard realities



of life. He has a mind too impatient of facts to become a sound thinker, and an imagination too high and versatile to become a *vulgarisateur*. He is a brilliant, suggestive, but one-sided critic of ideas: a novelist with a genius that he has never yet fully displayed ("Kipps," his finest essay in fiction falls to pieces in the middle), and the most powerful satirist of the day. We are afraid, however, that his best work in the satiric vein is accomplished. There was a time when he could have painted a companion picture to "When the Sleeper Wakes" and depicted with equal vividness a civilisation of which the ideas of modern socialism had become the omnipotent force. But that time is gone. Openness and plasticity of mind are qualities of youth that few writers retain in middle age.

### COURT LIFE IN THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

*Court Life in the Dutch Republic.* By BARONESS SUZETTE VAN ZUYLEN VAN NYEVELT. (Dent, 16s.)

"QUI veut une place forte voir prendre, Près du Prince d'Orange doit se rendre," was a current saying among Dutchmen in the time of the "Stadtholder," Frederick Henry. A wise and tactful ruler and a fine general, under whom such brilliant soldiers as Turenne, Charles Gustavus of Sweden, Prince Rupert and Monk were not ashamed to fight, his name is associated with the most brilliant period in the history of the pugnacious bundle of provinces known as the Dutch Republic.

What the Elizabethan era was to England, the first half of the seventeenth century was to Holland. . . . A reflection of this glory shone on the Stadtholder's chair, which seemed likely in time to become a throne.

Though this likelihood was never realised, the rôle of Stadtholder became more and more that of a constitutional king, and exiled monarchs did not disdain to accept the support and protection of the occupant of the "chair." First among these was the King of Bohemia, and with his Queen, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., begins the history of the Stuarts in Holland. Four times, between the dates 1623 and 1688, did "the largest village in the world," as Guiccardini termed the Hague, turn out with feasting and rejoicing to welcome royal guests, and no less than three of these triumphal entries were made by Stuarts. The fourth was that of the arch-intriguer, Marie de Medicis, who, weary of exile, had resolved to practise her wiles on the young and rising Republic. It was largely at the instigation of this interfering lady that the idea of a marriage between William, son of Frederick Henry, and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. of England, was mooted; an alliance which led to the second triumphal entry (the "glad entry," as it was called) into the Hague; this time of Henrietta Maria and the Princess Mary. The marriage took place at Whitehall on May 12, 1641, the bridegroom being a precocious boy of fifteen and the bride a child of ten. William's feelings on the subject may be gathered from a quaint letter to his father, in which he says that:

At first they (he and his bride) were very serious together, but now quite at home with each other; that she is more beautiful than her picture, that he loves her and thinks she loves him.

It was but natural that Henrietta Maria should turn to Holland in her hour of distress, and her next entry into that hospitable country was of a much less dignified character. Nevertheless her visit was successful, and she sailed away under the escort of the redoubtable Van Tromp, of broomstick fame, the richer by £3,000,000; leaving Princess Mary with her mother-in-law, Princess Amelia, a lady for whom the little princess conceived a violent dislike, which was cordially returned and which lasted until the death of Mary in 1661. After this the Hague became the gathering-place of needy Stuarts. James, Duke of York, was the next to appear, disguised as a girl, his sudden arrival causing much discussion

among the worthy burghers as to the amount of ceremony necessary for his reception, the States General eventually deciding that two deputies were enough for the welcome of so young a prince. After him, some ten years, came Charles, Prince of Wales. This amorous prince made hot court to Sophia, daughter of the King of Bohemia, to the joy of that lady's mother and the chagrin of Princess Amelia, who had views for Charles not unconnected with her own rather plain offspring. He assured Sophia that she was "more beautiful than Mrs. Barlow" (Lucy Walters), a delicate compliment which that astute damsel took for what it was worth. She kept her fickle admirer at arm's length, and eventually married the Elector of Hanover and became the mother of George I. of England. Her graphic and often ruthless memoirs are amusing, and give admirable portraits of the various actors in the drama of the day.

In 1650 a new figure appeared upon the stage, Princess Mary giving birth to a boy, William III., afterwards King of England, a land for which he was to feel as much hatred as his mother for her husband's country. Then came a third triumphal entry; this time that of Charles II., who was lodged in the "Mauritshuis," where he received the twelve peers and six commoners sent to invite him to claim his throne. At the sight of him Princess Amelia's match-making instincts revived and she manœuvred in vain on behalf of a plain daughter Mary. In 1677 there was again a pealing of bells and firing of cannon, this time to welcome another Mary, the daughter of James, Duke of York, and the bride of William III. of Orange. It was not until the latter's acceptance of the unstable throne of his father-in-law and the departure of the young couple for Holland, that the chain which had bound the Stuarts to Holland for many years was broken. Baroness van Zuylen van Nyevelt pilots the reader ably through the complicated genealogy of the house of Nassau. Her grasp of her subject and her wide sympathy both for the ill-fated and lovable Stuarts and the harder-headed and somewhat uncompromising Princes of Orange, would make a less dramatic period interesting.

### THE LIGHT STUDY OF CONCHOLOGY

*A Treatise on Zoology.* Edited by E. RAY LANKESTER. Part v. *Mollusca.* (Black, 12s. 6d. and 15s. net.)

WHEN Mr. Brooke, in "Middlemarch" remarked, "Why you might take to some light study; conchology now," he was perfectly serious: and his advice was good. But since the day when conchology was regarded as a "light study," many things have happened and conchology itself has not stood still. Time was, indeed, when its devotees could speak of "the shell and its animal" without incurring any suspicion of "giving themselves away." For in those days the collection of shells, molluscan and otherwise, was followed with the same enthusiasm, and the same lack of intelligence and sense of proportion, as are exhibited to-day in the collection of picture post-cards. It would not be easy, however, to determine what factors brought about the change of method and point of view, in the pursuit of this study. But we may be certain that the present day conchologist is a product of the Darwinian theory. No longer does he speak of the "shell and its animal," but, on the contrary, of "the animal and its shell." Those of the old school were "shell-collectors" pure and simple, in a double sense: they regarded the shell as the prize, the animal by which it was built up as so much "matter in the wrong place." Those of the new school, on the other hand, for the most part prize the animal, no less than the shell.

One of the founders of this new school was Professor E. Ray Lankester, who, in a brilliant treatise on the "mollusca" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia

Britannica," just a quarter of a century ago, laid the foundation of our present knowledge and methods of investigation. For many years this article remained the only serious work of reference on this subject; and for all time it will continue to permeate the literature dealing with this theme.

Necessarily, since this was written, much has been added to our knowledge; and these new things and much of minor importance that could not well be included within the limits of an Encyclopædia article, are now presented in the volume before us—Part V. of the great "Treatise on Zoology" published by Messrs. Black. This work was initiated, and is edited, by Professor Lankester; but the present volume has been written by Dr. Paul Pelseneer, and revised and translated by Dr. Gilbert Bourne, the Linacre Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the University of Oxford.

In so far as literary merit goes this book is not the equal of its precursor: but it has the merit of being up to date, and presenting us with the last word on a very difficult theme. It is essentially a book for the advanced student, who will find in it a kind of biological extract, very stimulating, and absolutely indispensable. It is a book of desiccated facts, which, under the hands of an expert, can be made to expand into wonders as great as any ever conjured up by the magician's wand.

Here will be found awful examples of the consequences of parasitism: and instances of fertility that would gladden the hearts of those who are bemoaning the decline in the birth-rate. The provisions, indeed, for securing the continuation of the race are, among the mollusca, extremely varied. Where eggs are laid singly they are deposited on rocks or stones: embedded in masses of jelly, or in long ribbons. Some are so disguised, as to shape, that they bear not the remotest resemblance to the conventional egg; while in other cases they so closely resemble the eggs of birds in size and shape, that none but an expert would distinguish them. As to numbers they may range from one to sixty millions, according to the species, and the risks to which they are exposed. If but few eggs are laid, then the most jealous care is taken to ensure their safety: the parent not seldom carrying them about upon her own person—on the shell, between the shell and the body, embedded within the foot, in a brood-pouch in the back, and so on. The egg cases of the common whelk, those yellow masses of horny bladders so common on our beaches, have a strange history. Each little bladder contains a number of eggs, but at the end of the incubation period only one little whelk will be found within, and this because it represents the sole survivor, the rest having been eaten. The inmates of each little cell have, according to whelk tradition, passed their first period of existence in devouring one another till only the strongest survives.

Though the product of a hen's egg is very obviously a chicken, the result is by no means so immediately apparent in the case of the eggs of many molluscs. Where the egg is relatively large, there the young emerges in the form of its parent, or at least as a shell-bearing animal; but where, on the contrary, the egg is relatively small, there will emerge therefrom a little body which bears no sort of likeness to the parent which gave it birth. The sluggish, headless and helpless oyster, for example, when she finally casts abroad her family of some sixty millions—which she has contrived to conceal about her person until a favourable opportunity presented itself for their expulsion—sends adrift a cloud of tiny transparent creatures which swim away propelled by the vigorous movements of a fringe of thread-like outgrowths of the body. Settling down, they speedily develop shells, and henceforth wander no more.

But such young are subjected to a vigorous scourging by Dame Nature. Thousands fall in unfavourable ground and die straightway; thousands more fall victims to adverse currents, or settle so thickly together as to crowd one another out of existence. Hence, of the

millions of each brood, but few come to maturity. In our fresh-water mussel the young remain longer within the egg, and emerge in the form of larvæ with a pair of toothed shell-valves; though when expelled from the sheltering mantle of the mother the young float at the surface of the stream, buoyed up by a long rope-like "byssus." Here for a few hours they drift, depending for continued existence on the chance of catching hold of a passing fish by means of a snapping motion of the toothed-shell valves. This done they become encysted in the skin of the fish, and undergo a further phase of growth, when, becoming too large for the cyst, they burst its walls and drop to the bottom of the stream, to complete their normal course of life. But only a few of each brood have the luck to find a fish: the rest perish.

Such is a sample of the early-life history of mollusca; but a book could be filled with descriptions of the various forms of larvæ and their subsequent history. Some of the more remarkable will be found figured and tersely described in the pages of this book.

Similarly, the adult animals present a bewildering series of developmental phases: Adaptations to secure a hold on Life. Among these adaptations are to be reckoned modifications of the shell. Thus, it is obvious that conchology is no longer a "light study." Shells are no longer regarded as so many counters: they have a history; but this history is intimately bound up with a host of other phenomena, all of which must be investigated by the present-day "malacologist." The magnitude of his task will be the more readily grasped when we reflect that there are some thirty or forty thousand distinct species of living mollusca known to science, all of which, at some phase or other of their life-history, bear a shell of some sort. So that, if he confine himself to the shell alone, conscientiously, he has an appalling array of facts to deal with.

Finally, as the author remarks, "The Mollusca . . . afford a very good instance of the progressive modification of organic structure. It would be difficult to name another group of the animal kingdom in which relationships can be more clearly determined, and the pedigrees of the sub-groups more certainly traced; and for this reason no phylum, with the possible exception of the echinodermata, has, in recent years, yielded such fruitful results to the investigator."

W. P. P.

#### THAT NINETEENTH CENTURY

*Progress of Art in the Century.* By WILLIAM SHARP; *Discoveries and Explorations in the Century.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS; *Progress of Science in the Century.* By ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A. The Nineteenth Century Series. (London: W. R. Chambers; Toronto and Philadelphia: The Linscott Publishing Co., each 5s. net.)

IN this little pile of books American enterprise already sets its seal on the dead century. In this slower country there will probably be less enthusiasm over attempts like these to generalise, classify, and generally "size up" the nineteenth century than exists in Toronto and Philadelphia. America is a land of globules, and a continent which has digested shiploads of Encyclopædia Britannicas is quite ready to take as its next meal any number of summaries and inventories of a century which is scarcely far enough off to fall into a profitable perspective. Still, surveys are always suggestive, and these particular surveys have been performed with industry and thoroughness according to their kind. The writers are first-class men, but the best man when he attacks a subject of this immensity is inclined to shut his eyes and to go blindly forward.

A rapid perusal suggests the idea that the nineteenth century will, perhaps, after all, come to be known to



posterity as the imaginative age. In its material achievements, in its self-expression and in its expectations an imaginative element emerges everywhere. More than any of its predecessors—except, perhaps, the sixteenth century—it was a time of dreams. In the rush of discovery, invention, and wide sweep of change—in the very rapidity and extent of material advancement—men felt themselves on the incoming tide of some vague but high destiny. The tide never came to the full. But in the story of the century's doings we see the power and effect of kindled imagination. In Art the supreme figure is that of a painter who in imaginative qualities has never been excelled. Mr. Sharp in his record of the "Progress of Art in the Nineteenth Century" rightly calls Turner the Shakespeare of painting. Turner's art was the very antithesis of that of the eighteenth century, the era of conventionalism. But the way for the coming of Turner and the imaginative school was being paved even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Sharp takes as the keynote of modern British art the dictum of Hogarth and of Reynolds. "There is only one school, that of Nature." "Truth to Nature" was the axiom which bound together the great artists of the century, however divergent in other respects their aims and methods may have been. Of this movement in art Gainsborough and Constable were the leaders in England, Manet and Delacroix in France.

But by "Truth to Nature" nineteenth-century artists came to understand no mere laboured exactitude of imitative detail. The painful accuracy of the Pre-Raphaelites was, it must be remembered, not one of their articles of faith. It was recognised that Nature must be seen from within, not merely from without the individual: that imaginative power may wrest her meaning from Nature as Realism never can. And Turner wrote this lesson in letters of fire. The art of the nineteenth century achieved a freedom in expression, which the twentieth century may develop—or abuse. We can only be sure that never again will a fashionable painter and connoisseur, in appraising the landscape study of a young artist, inquire "where Mr. Constable meant to put his brown tree."

Mr. Sharp brings out very clearly the great part played by English painters in the art revolution. He will have none of the theory that it is to Paris we must look for all that is noteworthy in modern art. "It is Gainsborough who is to be traced through the whole development of contemporary art." Gainsborough went to Nature and painted what he saw as he saw it. His trees were impressionistic, but they were the living trees, not conventional accessories, nor botanical specimens. He excelled Wilson as Constable excelled him. French artists and critics have generously recognised the influence on modern art of the English masters of the early nineteenth century. But the matter is best summed up by the unknown artist, whom Mr. Sharp quotes: "The Barbizon school is the offspring of Father Millet and Mother Corot, and neither of these would be here had they not been begot by Grandfather Constable."

The nineteenth century discovered no continents, but not even the age of Christopher Columbus was more active in exploration. War, religion, and politics are less and less potent in driving mankind into the remote places of the earth. The needs of commerce are now, as ever, a spur to discovery. But the field of exploration, wherein the nineteenth century stands first, was one which had no rewards of trade, liberty, or dominion to offer its invaders. The quest of the Poles is made in the name of science, but science is here, as often, only another name for Romance. Nothing else is to be won from the lone Arctic regions. They are the last and most awful stronghold of the Unknown on this earth, and the story of the heroic, persistent, and never successful assaults made upon it is some index to the imaginative quality of the nineteenth century. In the volume on "Discoveries and Explorations" in the series before us Mr. Charles

Roberts devotes a large part of his space to Arctic and Antarctic Exploration, although the records of the last six years are not included. The external history of the nineteenth century holds no more thrilling story than is related of this wonderful series of Polar expeditions. The actual amount of discovery in Polar seas was enormous, and yet, despite Parrys and Franklins, and all the gallant host of explorers, Nature still keeps intact her ice-bound fastnesses. "It is safe to say," writes Mr. Roberts, "that an unknown continent waits with all its secrets behind the southern ice-packs, whilst in the unmapped area of the North Pole room might yet be found for more than a dozen countries the size of England." In other and less implacable quarters of the globe there is still much to be discovered. In Africa, vast tracts of the Sahara, of the centre and of the East, are unexplored. In South America, an immense district of the North-West is virgin forest land, the old El Dorado still unpenetrated. In Asia, there is darkness still in Arabia and Tibet.

Science in the nineteenth century has been treated by Mr. Arthur Thomson as an introduction to the study of any branch of science. The volume will be of great value. There is an admirable expression of the point of view of the most liberal minds in science at the close of the nineteenth century. Science has become less assertive, more fruitfully suggestive. "Everywhere there is a widening outlook, a more and more intensive analysis, but never a hint of finality." A sense of inter-relations is one of the characteristics of the modern outlook, and "the word ultimate does not appear in the scientific dictionary." The change that has come over the scientific point of view may be gathered from the following passage concerning the unity of science:

Science for its own sake requires to be continually moralised and socialised, oriented, that is to say, in relation to other ideals of human life than its own immediate one of working with an intellectual cosmos. Our science requires at once to be kept in touch with our life and with our dreams; with our doing and with our feeling; with our practice and with our poetry. Synergy and sympathy are needed to complete a synthesis.

Again, there is emphatic recognition of the fact that science is concerned only with "how." It cannot tell us "why." As Professor Poynting says: "a law of nature explains nothing . . . it is but a descriptive formula." But, in finding a descriptive formula which applies to any event, science "improves our account of it by likening it to what we already know." There is the function of science as it is understood to-day.

As to the progress in science, there is the warning against exaggerated impressions. In spite of the enormous and rapid accumulation of natural knowledge, the number of scientific generalisations is small. For form only is such importance claimed—the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the formula of gravitation, or the theory of organic evolution.

In the world that belongs to science it may be said that its greatest continents are yet unmapped. The pioneers of fifty years ago stood on the peaks and surveyed their discoveries with confident eyes. But the horizon of those new-found countries still widens and recedes.

To take an instance. The theory of organic evolution firmly stands, but the factors in its process are a labyrinth of perplexing uncertainties. The discovery of radium—made since Mr. Thomson's volume was written—has destroyed or suspended generalisations which were written largest on the chart of science. In astronomy it seemed, a hundred years ago, that some star, possibly Sirius, or some point in the Pleiades, would "turn out to be" the hub of the universe, the centre to which all heavenly bodies related. But to-day "the system or goal of the grandest of all movements is unknown." In science, one would say, there was, more than in any other department of human thought, room for the imaginative worker.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

## BOOKS FOR BOYS—I

EVERY year as autumn nears its end the number of boys' books upon our table shows an increase upon that of the preceding season. There is—perhaps necessarily, since the writer of a boys' book has no other object in view than to supply goods for which there is an assured sale in the market—a distressing lack of variety, but increase in quantity has not resulted in a falling away in quality. Mr. Herbert Strang and Captain F. S. Brereton—both writers of considerable ability—have fought their way to the front rank of spinners of tales of adventure and bid fair to make good the loss which Young Britain sustained in the death of Henty; but we look in vain for another "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Of Mr. Strang's "Brown of Moukden" and "The Adventures of Harry Rochester," we spoke last year in terms of high praise. His "One of Clive's Heroes" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is, if anything, better than either—better than "Kobo," his first successful story. Desmond Burke, the hero, trying to escape from a brutal brother, falls into the hands of a scoundrel who sells him as a slave to an Indian Prince. The boy—a fine character—escapes with some of his fellow captives, and they seize a vessel and make for Calcutta, where Desmond enters the Company's service. Thenceforward adventure follows adventure, and the narration of his hero's escapades gives Mr. Strang an opening for a graphic account of the siege of Calcutta and the tragedy of the Black Hole. The characters are well drawn, and the conversations natural. "One of Clive's Heroes" is a brave book—the best thing Mr. Strang has done. In it he writes of a country he knows; in "Samba" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), he writes of a country which we fancy he does not know. It is "a story of the rubber slaves of the Congo," and is based on information which may—or may not—be correct; but we think that the good taste which Mr. Strang has shown in his other works should have suggested to him that it is a subject which would have been much better left alone. It is not in good taste, and it is not worthy of its author. We should hesitate before putting it into the hands of the boys for whom it is apparently intended.—From Captain Brereton, as from Mr. Strang, come two new books. "With Roberts to Candahar," a tale of the third Afghan War (Blackie, 5s.), opens at Cabul, when the British mission under Sir Louis Cavagnari is being attacked by the mutinous troops of the Ameer. Alec Dennison, on his way to Cabul to meet his father, is attacked in a gorge, but escapes. He is appointed aide-de-camp and interpreter to General Sir Frederick Roberts, and joins the punitive expedition. All trace of Major Dennison disappears after the massacre at Cabul, but the youthful Alec sets to work to find and rescue him, as every hero would, and his many adventures and perilous situations, out of which his indomitable courage and resource bring him triumphantly, make up a book which many boys, we fear, after a long day's reading, will smuggle beneath their jackets and finish in bed. In "Roger the Bold," a tale of the Conquest of Mexico (Blackie, 6s.), Captain Brereton takes us into a country which will be new to the majority of his readers. Shortly after the discovery of Mexico Roger joins an exploration party, is taken prisoner, and has a narrow escape from death on the altar of the god of war. His bravery, however, saves him, and the Mexicans offer him the post of cacique and endless treasure—we never knew Mexicans so recklessly generous—if he will aid them in their fight against the Spaniards. Needless to say he accepts, and Captain Brereton, with the reader by his side, follows him—fighting as only a born fighter could—as he dashes from adventure to adventure, at a pace which leaves us breathless but filled with admiration and intensely proud of our country. "Roger the Bold" is a fine piece of

work. There is a strong, manly, healthy tone in all Captain Brereton's books, and his military knowledge gives him a grip of his subject which few other authors of boys' books possess.—"Gerald the Sheriff," by Charles W. Whistler (Warne, 6s.), is a historical romance which is likely to find its way into the hands of parents after—but not before—it has been read and possibly re-read by their sons. The story is placed in the reign of William Rufus, and deals with the adventures of Gerald, the Sheriff of Camelford, and Edmund, son of the Thane of Crowcombe, who, outlawed for alleged offences against the Forest Laws, steal Gerald's own ship and begin a series of hazardous enterprises off our western coast. As in his former books, Mr. Whistler has caught the atmosphere of the period; and Mr. Speed's illustrations are admirable.

"Across the Spanish Main," by Harry Collingwood (Blackie, 5s.), is a stirring story of adventures on sea in the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. Two youths, friends from childhood, sail with Cavendish for the Indies. Early in the voyage their three small ships capture or destroy five Spanish frigates. After exciting adventures in Hispaniola one of the heroes is left by accident on a lonely island, but is rescued in time to take part in the capture of a notorious pirate. Further captures of richly laden galleons, attacks on Spanish settlements, and endless minor escapades, follow. "Across the Spanish Main" is a capital sea-story—one that boys of all ages and all dispositions will enjoy. We expect to see it reprinted before long.—"Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," by Frank Bullen (Nisbet, 6s.), though to some extent marred by a suggestion of patronage, is a book that will serve a double purpose: that of restraining physically weak boys who hanker after sea-life because they believe there is nothing to do on board save fight and conquer bold bad pirates, and that of encouraging physically strong boys possessed of the genuine sea-fever, and making sailors and potential heroes of them. The story of Frank Brown is well told, and it was a story worth telling.—"The Adventures of Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), which deals chiefly with the fisheries off the coast of Labrador, is the sort of book which wins popularity, we imagine, among the youth of America, though the British schoolboy is likely to find it tiresome. Billy Topsail is too great a hero.—In "Hunting the Skipper" (S.P.C.K., 5s.) Mr. George Manville Fenn gives a very readable and exciting account of the cruise of the *Seafowl* sloop. Mr. Fenn is a practised hand, and his book is never dull. The story of the outwitting of Captain Kingsberry by an American trader and the captain's determined chase till he runs his man to earth (metaphorically), and takes his revenge, is well told, and the characterisation is good. "Dick Leslie's Luck," by Harry Collingwood (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), is an excellent story of shipwreck and adventure. Mr. Collingwood writes of the sea with a sympathy and understanding which are all too rare in writers of boys' books, and his hero is a fine character, well drawn.

To Messrs. Seeley both givers and recipients of boys' books have reason to be grateful for their Library of Romance. The volumes are well illustrated, handsomely bound—an ornament on table or bookshelf—and uniformly good. On our desk are four additions to the series. "The Romance of Early Exploration" (5s.), by Archibald Williams, is a companion volume to the same author's "Romance of Modern Exploration," reviewed in these columns last year, and, like it, is an epitome of the best books on the subject, well written and full of good matter. Equally exciting is Mr. J. C. Lambert's "The Romance of Missionary Heroism" (5s.), true stories of the adventures of missionaries with uncivilised man, wild beasts, and the forces of nature in all parts of the world. To young nature-lovers "The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts" (5s.), by H. Coupin and J. Lea, and "The Romance of Plant Life" (5s.), by G. F. Scott Elliot, will prove enthralling—a welcome relief from the meretricious trash usually served up at this season as "nature-books." The



illustrations in the former are much above the average, and both are written in a simple, natural, straightforward style that will appeal to readers young and old. Similar in design and scope to Messrs. Seeley's Library of Romance is their Library of Adventure, the first two volumes of which are "Adventures in the Great Deserts" (5s.), by H. W. G. Hearst, and "Adventures on the Great Rivers," (5s.), by Richard Stead: succinct accounts of adventures that have made history.—Of "The Children's Odyssey, Told from Homer in Simple Language," by the Rev. Alfred Church (Seeley, 5s.), it would be difficult to speak too highly. Mr. Church is a scholar to whom children of all ages owe a heavy debt of gratitude, and it is sufficient to say that the book before us is in no way inferior to any of its long list of predecessors. We should like to see the whole series in the library of every boy and girl with the best inclination to combine serious study with entertainment.

## FROM ROSAMOR DEAD TO FAVONIUS FOR WHOM SHE DIED

You loved my rounded cheeks!  
They have grown thin and white.  
You loved my carmine lips!  
They give no more delight.

You loved my flame-bright hair!  
Quenched now its gleaming gold.  
You loved my fragrant flesh!  
'Tis waxen stark and cold.

But ah! the one thing, Dear,  
You did not love in me,  
Blooms soft, and red, and gold,  
Fragrant immortally.

Not you, nor Time, nor Death,  
Have any power to move  
One crimson petal from  
My perfect rose of Love.

Yet when death calls to you  
The breath of Love shall part  
The petals of my Rose  
And bare its burning heart.

ALTHEA GYLES.

## NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

### XI.—ACTION AND REACTION; WHENCE?

How strange are the swingings of the pendulum of human life, and how full of mystery the reactions of experience! Oftentimes evil seems to come out of good, arising from it directly. "The woman, that Thou gavest to be with me, she tempted me, and I did eat." From the poppy that soothes comes the opium that stupefies; and from barley—which is a staff of life—the means of intoxication and death. Out of a radiant and apparently sinless infancy a querulous youth and selfish manhood have arisen, and from many a marriage untold misery. Out of the richest, purest and most disinterested love the greatest tribulation has sometimes issued. Observing these things

the student of human nature very naturally asks, "Are they only the accidents of life, the chance conjunctions of experience? or are they its component parts?"

But as he continues his survey he sees, on the other hand, that

Out of evil so much good more.

From the wasting inroads of disease there sometimes issues a new development of strength, out of sickness patience, from strife and tribulation peace, out of discord harmony, from physical disaster moral renovation, from outward losses human spirits refined as by a furnace-fire. This double set of facts seems at first to be contradictory. They appear to point in different directions, and the conclusion drawn from them may be wholly pessimistic or altogether the reverse. But the question of supreme moment is, Are they a mere series of occurrences brought about by the ever working law of action and reaction? To revert to the illustration already used, are they due to a mere swing of the pendulum of life to right and to left through a succession of cosmic changes? or, must we go beneath these, below their mere occurrence, for an explanation of how they come about, of how they are produced?

It seems to some observers that they point to an unseen Power, working in and through our human nature to its ultimate well-being; not a blind haphazard fate, but an Intelligence guiding the race, what the religious know and describe as Providence. Perhaps one ray of light as to the existence, and the working, of that Providence may come out of the very strife itself, and the way in which it is carried on.

Human beings do not construct the world in which they live, as the sea-polypes do in a bed of coral. They find it constructed for them hour by hour. And so it comes to pass that we do not entirely build or rebuild our characters, but find them built and rebuilt for us continually. Is it not the work of a transcendent Power, which operates on us while we are scarcely conscious of it, or wholly unconscious? We seldom know the nature, and can scarcely ever trace the source, of those influences that sway us most. If we did, it might interfere with the simplicity, and lessen the directness of our life. But when its drag-weights are temporarily lifted, we make fresh acquaintance with its inner springs, and obtain a new knowledge of that world of which usually we have only broken glimpses. We all know how the rush of trivial interests, and the deceptive glamour of achievement, hide some things from us; which are the more real, because they have kept so long in lurking-places. But now and then—and usually all of a sudden—they come out, disclosing new possibilities within our reach. Without such disclosures of influence operating on us, and guidance of which we are seldom directly conscious, we could not make much headway against the forces which break our life into fragments. And it is for this reason that, to so many persons, Morality needs the underpropping of Religion.

Take the following as a definition of Morality, in and by itself. "Observation has shown, and experience proved that the happiness, elevation, and prosperity of the race depend upon the recognition of certain laws, and the voluntary fulfilment of them. That acknowledgment and obedience constitute morality." So far, well. But is it not a vague definition? too *weilläufig*? Do we not need something more precise? something not beyond, but within the law? Many of us at any rate do not find a lever that can move the will till we transcend the ethical sphere, and discern not a "stream of tendency," but a Power that operates within us. When that comes into living force, the "law" is at once transfigured, the dead "imperative" becomes "a commandment that has life," as Frederick Denison Maurice once put it to the writer. And then, as that distinguished metaphysician Father Dalgairns wrote (the quotation is from memory)—"When God is identified with moral Order the veil is at its very thinnest.

We have but to make allowance for the tremulousness and the idiosyncrasies of the organ by which we apprehend Him, but we have passed beyond phenomena."

Of the Power that works in human nature to upbuild it we do not presume to speak familiarly, or over-confidently. It is at once known, and unknown; felt as an influence or emanation, but usually undiscovered in its mode of action, and incomprehensible in its essence. Like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth." Its comings and its goings are full of mystery. But if recognised, many of the bewildering discords of our life are lessened; and although enigmas remain by the score, they do not perplex. We realise that they might be greater than they are, and we ourselves can always say "Oremus."

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

### THE TEXT OF MARMION

SIXTEEN years ago I collated the doubtful readings of seven early editions of "Marmion" and added the result of my collation to my edition of the poem published by Macmillan and Co. The readings of the editions collated were as follows:

	1st Ed. (1808)	2nd Ed. (1808)	7th Ed. (1811)	Duo- decimo (1820)	10th Ed. (1821)	12th Ed. (1825)	Lock- hart's Edition
2. xxiv. 15	and	and	and	and	nor	nor	nor
xxviii. 3	faith	faith	faith	faith	faith	fate	fate
3 Int. 28	loftier	loftier	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty
194	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	slights	slights
228	from	from	from	from	from	for	for
xiv. 17	vail	vail	veil	vail	vail	vail	vail
4 Int. 56	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dark
xi. 10	hath	hath	bath	hath	hath	had	had
xi. 13	knots	knots	knots	notes	notes	notes	knots
5 viii. 9	were	were	were	were	was	was	was
xiii. 23	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vassals	vassals
6 Int. 215	review	review	review	review	review	renew	renew
xx. 11	vails	vails	vails	vails	vails	'vails	'vails
xxi. 9	fair	fair	fair	fair	fair	far	far

The original manuscript, of the existence of which I could not then get any information, is now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh and by the courtesy of the librarian I have been allowed to consult it. On the fly leaf of the manuscript there is the following note signed by Archibald Constable: "This is the original manuscript of 'Marmion' by Walter Scott, Esq., which I requested the Printer might preserve. It is nearly perfect there being only wanting in canto II. stanzas v. vi. vii. viii. and part of iv. and ix., in canto III., stanzas ii. iii. xxxii. and xxxiii." On Constable's failure the manuscripts of "Marmion," "Don Roderick," "The Field of Waterloo," and "The Lord of the Isles" were all bought for £60 by Cadell in 1833. In July 1867 at Cadell's sale at Christie's, Mr. Francis Harvey of 4 St. James's Street, London, bought the manuscript of "Marmion" alone for Sir William Augustus Fraser of Ledecune and Morar for £200 11s. In June 1897 he was commissioned to offer £1500 for the manuscript. Sir William Fraser declined the offer and on his death in 1898 bequeathed it to the Advocates' Library where it has secured an appropriate permanent resting-place.

In all the doubtful readings considered in my collation except one the manuscript agrees with the first edition.

The exception is in 5. viii. 9 where the manuscript agrees with the tenth, twelfth and Lockhart's edition in reading:

For royal was his garb and mien

although the earlier editions read:

For royal were his garb and mien.

It is amusing to find that Dr. Rolfe, who has done more than any other editor to rectify the text of Scott's poems, remarks on this passage that Scott could not have written "was" here. However, he did write "was," although probably he substituted "were" for "was" when correcting the proofs.

In 2. i. v. an important emendation, the correctness of which has, I think, never been disputed, was made independently in an American edition by Dr. Rolfe, and by me in an Indian edition. The full stop, which we removed from the end of the line, is found in the manuscript, but this fact will hardly be worth consideration as an argument against the emendation. All through the manuscript Scott's careless punctuation is manifested. He continually omits full stops that are required, and sometimes puts them in where they spoil the sense, as, for instance, in this passage and at the end of 2. xxii. 5, and 5. xxx. 39.

Dr. Rolfe also condemns the full stop at the end of 2. xxxiii. 9 as "evidently a misprint, though retained (as a colon) in all the more recent editions," and, as we may now add, present in the original manuscript. This is, no doubt, a very plausible emendation. If the full stop is retained, "as tottering" means "while tottering." The use of "as" in a temporal sense with a participle is a rare construction. I find no instance of it in Murray's dictionary. Nevertheless it is to be found in the "Lady of the Lake," 2. xxi. 5:

And high their snowy arms they threw,  
As echoing back with shrill acclaim  
And chorus wild the chieftain's name,

where "as" cannot mean "as if." The construction also occurs in one of Scott's novels, but I have forgotten the reference. Further, although the passage, as it is worded now, would do without the full stop, in the wording of the original manuscript the full stop seems necessary on account of the words that follow, namely:

That night amid the vesper's swell  
They thought they heard Constantia's yell,

where the words "that night" indicate an interval of time between the hurried flight to upper air and the sounding of the vesper bell, and are evidently intended to begin a new sentence.

In 6. xxxiii., in my edition the comma, inserted after "this" in all the printed editions, is omitted, as it seems clear that "by this" was intended to belong not to the principal sentence but to the subordinate concessive clause. This emendation is supported by the manuscript, which has no comma after "this."

The prophetic reference to the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Cathcart in 3. xxiv. is found in the manuscript, and was not added by Scott while correcting the proofs. Copenhagen was bombarded in the first week of September 1807. Therefore this part of the poem must have been written after that date. The lines were probably composed at the very time when the poet first heard the news of the event.

Before leaving the subject of Marmion, I may perhaps be allowed to refer to a phrase which has, I think, been wrongly interpreted by all annotated editions including my own. In 5. ii. we read that the young knights and squires practised "to pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain and high curvett." Scott in his note quotes a passage from the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury illustrating the meaning of "high curvett." He does not go on to quote the explanation of what is meant by gaining the croupe. "The manner of fighting a duel on horseback," Lord Herbert informs his readers, "I was taught thus.



We had each of us a reasonable stiff riding rod in our hands, about the length of a sword and so rid one against the other: he, as the more expert, sat still to pass me and then get behind me, and after to turn with his right hand upon my left side with his rod, that so he might hit me with the point thereof in the body; and he that can do this handsomely is sure to overcome his adversary, it being impossible to bring his sword about enough to defend himself or offend the assailant: and to get this advantage; which they call in French, *gagner la crouppe*, nothing is so useful as to make a horse go only sideward until his adversary be past him, since he will by this means avoid his adversary's blow and thrust, and on a sudden get on the left hand of his adversary." It would thus appear that to gain the croupe in a combat on horseback was a manœuvre giving much the same advantage as gaining the weather-gage in a sea-fight.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE PLEIAD

THE sixteenth century was a period of revolution in French arts and letters. In the sculpture of Sluter and the work of Beauneveu, in the poetry of Villon and the craft of her master-masons, France then possessed a fund of living traditions sufficient for the development of a distinct Northern culture. By combining Gothic idealism and Flemish realism she had founded an art as different from that of the thirteenth century as it was from that of the neo-classic school. It was informed neither by a mediæval spirituality nor by a pagan passion for earthly loveliness, but by a lively and catholic interest in the common things of life. The note of the art of the French Renaissance of the fifteenth century was a fine and keen expressiveness, an expressiveness which still endows the verses of Villon and the sketches of Beauneveu with a strangely modern quality. Poet and painter both disregarded a certain conventional beauty in order to achieve a greater fidelity in characterisation, and discovered thereby a novel and admirable kind of natural beauty. They were, in fact, the forerunners of the romantic movement in modern art and literature; and, if the younger generations of French artists and writers had resumed and consummated their work, France might have regained in the sixteenth century the position which she attained in the thirteenth. To her, and not to England, it might then have been given to open up that new world of imagination in which the genius of the Northern races of Europe finally expressed itself.

Unfortunately, at the beginning of the sixteenth century the French mind was so dazzled by the brilliant neo-classic art of Italy that it destroyed its glorious heritage of romance traditions and adopted Italian models in architecture and sculpture as well as in poetry. But, although the neo-classic movement of revolution was more thorough than the romantic movement of reaction which long afterwards ensued, it was more gradual in its operation. In the age of the Pleiad, for instance, French verse had not lost all its wild, native beauty.

"J'aime fort les jardins qui sentent le sauvage," said Ronsard, and the poetry of his school has somewhat of the charm of the gardens that he loved. It is the most delightful thing in French literature, full of art, yet racy of the soil, and incomparable in freshness, delicacy and sweetness. Like the verse of Campion and Herrick, it lacks the poignancy and the passion of the highest sort of lyrical poetry, but in its union of Latin clarity and romantic colour it is perfect of its kind. It is informed only by a light flow of fancies, but the fancies are true and exquisite, and drawn from a lovely source. They are touched with the hues and odours of spring. Ronsard and his companions had a quicker sense of natural beauty

than any other French poets. Their finest lyrics seem to have been composed in that delicious moment when upon the air of spring there is wafted the fragrance of summer flowers. There was nothing even in English literature in 1550 of so vernal a grace as Ronsard's verses to Cassandre:

O little maid more tender  
Than any bud in May  
That rose-bushes engender  
To hail the break of day,  
In one part green, in one  
Flushing vermillion . . .

Nor time nor the misgiving  
That other lips may please,  
Shall lure my lips, while living,  
From living upon these:  
And so clasped we will lie  
Till in that kiss we die.

You, love, and I your lover,  
Both in the self-same breath,  
Shall fare out to discover  
The pallid house of Death,  
And fields assigned by Fate  
To lovers fortunate . . .

Along the grassy meadows  
Below the shelving dunes,  
The river shores and shadows  
Re-echo many tunes.  
One plays and to him one  
Dances in unison . . .

The winds are ever chanting  
Soft songs of fitful sound,  
And laurels ever slanting  
Cool shadows on the ground:  
The flowers there never lose  
The glory of their hues.

Somewhere in the deep spaces  
That happy orchard screens,  
We two shall find our places  
Where lovers and their queens  
Live on without a care  
And like them we shall fare.

"The White Thorn" and "The Skylark" of Ronsard are still more redolent of Spring. And how delightful is the "April" of Rémi Belleau!

April, glory of the wood's  
Solitudes:  
April, gentle hope of fruits  
Nursed within the downy womb  
Of the bloom  
Budding on the younger shoots . . .

April, glory of the song  
Winds prolong,  
Who, with motions of their wing,  
Stretch again between the trees  
Nets to seize  
Flora for her ravishing . . .

Thou it is, whose gracious mouth  
From the South  
Lures again the swallows' wing:  
Wanderers that ever are  
Near and far  
Hailed for heralds of the spring.

Hawthorn-bush and eglantine,  
Celandine,  
Pink and rose and lily too,  
Ravished by thy lovely weather  
All together  
Show us that their gowns are new.

And the minion nightingale,  
Sweet and frail,  
In the shade with nimble tongue  
Sets the tune he loves to sing,  
Quivering  
To the music of his song . . .

May shall boast of breezes sweet,  
Fruits to eat,  
The abundance of her dew,  
Manna, honey too, that swells  
Ruddy cells,  
Sweetening her grace anew.

But, for me, I give to fame  
One whose name  
Tells of her that from the sea  
Rising through the wreathing foam,  
Saw the home  
Of her new nativity.

The feeling for natural beauty was the one strain of true sentiment in the poetry of the Pleiad. Their shows of passion were scarcely real; their relish for refinements was little more than make-believe; their interest in the general movements of their time was somewhat feeble; but their love of a country life was genuine and deep. Living in a wild age of dissension, tumult, and bloodshed, they averted their eyes from the tragic pageantry of human existence, and sought to forget it in the amenity and quietness of nature. Their delight in the open country is a trait which distinguishes them from Villon, who was essentially a poet of the town, and connects them with the English poets of the Elizabethan period. By the fresh emotion which they infused into it, they transformed the rather formal pastoralism of mediæval and classic tradition, into a vivid and lightsome kind of literature, and from them Spenser and other Elizabethans learned to sing of country ways and country pleasures. And they learned not only the matter but the art of pastoral verse. As Mr. George Wyndham remarks in an introduction to his admirable anthology of the poetry of the Pleiad ("Ronsard and La Pléiade," Macmillan), the music of Spenser's earlier poems was of French origin:

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine  
With gelliflowers;  
Bring sweet carnations and sops-in-wine,  
Worn of paramours;  
Strew me the ground with daffadowndillies,  
With cowslips, and king-cups and loved lilies.  
The pretty paunce  
And the chevisaunce  
Shall watch with the fair fleur-de-lice.

That is written to an air of Ronsard's devising. The leader of the Pleiad won his position in French literature more by art than by inspiration. *Materiem superabat opus* might truly be said of all his poems. Possessing an exquisite sense of style and an extraordinary fertility in metrical invention, he perfected the orchestration of French poetry and created a hundred new forms of verse. The value of his work resides in its subtle simplicity of diction and its elaborate delicacy of rhythm. He is much more of a poet's poet than Spenser. In him the general reader will find less of the stuff of poetry, and the fellow craftsman more of the manner. And happily for his fame he failed to accomplish that which he intended. He tried to found a new movement of neo-classicism in agreement with the taste of the Court; he succeeded in rallying together the last group of writers of the old romantic school in agreement with the taste of the nation. Neo-classicism was not really established in France until the reign of Louis XIV. Even then it was so opposed to the veritable genius of the French people that, as soon as they were able to express themselves freely, their art and literature again became romantic, and Ronsard was at once recognised by Hugo and Sainte-Beuve as a glorious ancestor.

It is a difficult thing to convey into modern English the peculiar charm of the verses of Ronsard and his associates. Each musical array of sweet syllables and interlacing rhymes is not merely beautiful in itself, but it has acquired an indefinable antique grace from the touch of time. Mr. Wyndham, however, has been uncommonly happy in the series of translations which he has added to his anthology. In some of them he recovers the choiceness, freshness and harmony of phrase which English lyrical poets long since learned from the Pleiad and out of which they fashioned a style with qualities that even Donne and Crashaw and Marvell were never able to sacrifice for others, without losing more than was gained.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Story of a Poem," by C. R. Stone.]

## FICTION

*Richard Hawkwood.* By H. NEVILLE MAUGHAM. (Blackwood, 6s.)

RICHARD HAWKWOOD, like his famous ancestor Sir John, seeks his fortune in Italy, and by good luck enters the service of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose character dominates the book. The typical British youth is commendably truthful, and of bull-dog courage; he does the right thing, and commits the right blunder, and Lorenzo is generous. Life is not dull at the Florentine Court, and Richard's adventures and his wooing are all in accordance with the liveliest expectations and the best traditions. Of Lorenzo the Magnificent we see many sides and many moods, and find warrant for half a dozen views of his private character. The story moves rapidly through conspiracies, historic scenes and daring deeds; it is pleasantly told with a simplicity, almost a bluntness, that imparts a reality to Richard Hawkwood's interesting autobiography.

*Behind the Veil.* By ETHEL WHEELER. (Nutt, 6s. net.)

THESE stories will not bear the pomp with which they are presented. Mr. Spare's designs and drawings, though they lack originality, possess sometimes a kind of incisive cleverness, which seems in odd contrast to Miss Wheeler's gentle, flowery prose and mildly mysterious thought. Her best story (and it is not as good as it might be) is in the series, *Through the Mystic Doors*, and is called "The Curl." The idea of an old man giving a life's devotion to a lock of hair which he has found in a bird's nest, and round which he weaves his romance, is delicately imagined; and the swift change of his romance when his friend tells him it must be a young child's hair is delightful. The tale is slight, but it has charm. To this is prefixed the picture of a fat woman floating in mid-air, which suggests an obscene caricature of a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley. If it were not so out of place it might be shocking: as it is, it is only ridiculous.

*The Heart that Knows.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. (Duckworth, 6s.)

IN Westcock Village the finest, strongest, best-beloved man is the rector. That is, of course, as it should be, and is exactly typical of Mr. Roberts's story, which is as robust and genial as his pre-eminent rector; and the story treats probability with the same swift scorn and deft vigour, as the rector treated the loutish miner when he pitched him into the deep lake and rescued him, angry that he could not swim. The air is fresh with much muscular virtue, of the kind which appeals especially to American novelists; but Mr. Roberts has the skill to strip that virtue of its usual dreariness, and his people have much simple human feeling in them, although chance helps them to exploits and situations which are as exceptional in life as they are common in fiction.

*At the Sign of the Peacock.* By K. C. RYVES. (Unwin, 6s.)

THIS book belongs to the First Novel Library, and its merit, therefore, deserves double emphasis. It is a clever study of an unusual character, and the circumstances chosen to develop this character are both interesting and natural. The other persons are incisive sketches—it is a book full of real people. The style is terse and amusing, and there are no meaningless interpolations of well-worn adjectives and phrases. The central figure, the cold girl who takes an austere pleasure in sensuous beauties, and is only saved from being "a cat" by a certain aloofness, is well traced through the changes that result from her horrified discovery that she has a heart after all, and has given it away like any other girl.

*Leone. A Tale of the Jesuits.* By the late Mrs. A. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON. (Long, 6s.)

THIS book has been edited by the author's daughter, Lady Dunbar of Mochrum, and the fact of Mrs. Douglas-



Hamilton's death rather disarms criticism. The story traces the adventures of Lionel Sackville, whose life was certainly full, inasmuch as matter enough for a whole book is hurried over in a paragraph or two. The influence of the Jesuits and the extraordinary means through which they exert it are interestingly exposed, but the book fails in character-drawing, or rather, in expression. If the manner had been as good as the matter it would have been an engrossing story; and it remains an unusual and unhackneyed novel, with a wide knowledge of men and manners behind it.

*The Dangerville Inheritance.* By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. (Lane, 6s.)

THIS differs from most other detective tales in being the story of a mystery rather than the glorification of a detective. It also differs from them in keeping the solution from even the reader until the last page. Lord and Lady Dangerville seem to have been magnetised to attract mysteries, and mysteries of no mean radius. There is so much action that there is little time for character, but the reader has little time to miss it. Above all, there is an admirable absence of bluster and bustle; although the story moves rapidly, it does so with the swiftness of a well-bred person who is never flurried. It is characteristic of the author of "Armorial Families" that one important clue should rest in a crest: and there is something about the unusual opening circumstances and the magnificent surprise which he reserves for the last paragraph, that leads one to scent a good deal of romance in the calling of an armorial expert. For the lovers of Sherlock Holmes "The Dangerville Inheritance" will be a fine detective story; but as an unusual drama of human life, and as an excellently told history it will have a more discriminating audience.

*Her Faith Against the World.* By WILFRED WILBERFORCE and A. R. GILBERT. (Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.)

THE authors of "Her Faith Against the World" deal boldly with subjects usually eschewed by modern novelists. Without being, in any sense, a "novel with a purpose," the book is one in which both religious and political opinions play an important part, and they are treated, as such subjects should be treated, seriously and conscientiously. The political novel is usually either dull or flippant, the religious novel is frequently both; and it is pleasant to meet with writers who deal with such subjects brightly and at the same time sincerely. They are not ashamed to equip their characters with that unpopular attribute, a conscience, for the sake of which they suffer many things. The book is written from the point of view of a Roman Catholic, but without bitterness and intolerance.

*A Voyage of Discovery and Other Stories.* By GUY FLEMING. (Lane, 6s.)

MR. FLEMING tells us, in the beginning of his second tale, that he merely aspires "to tell the story of one who, in character, was an amalgam of good and evil." This, we imagine, has been the aim of most workers in the world of fiction. That Mr. Fleming should prosecute his task with a prolixity which even a certain dry humour cannot render anything but wearisome is to be deplored. Long digressions after the manner of Sterne, combined with pages of conscientious and wordy description, are apt to make rather heavy reading. The author writes well and carefully, with much quiet humour, and the book is full of touches which show both knowledge and appreciation of human nature. Judicious pruning would have made entertaining sketches of what are now but wearisome essays. Of the three stories in the book, the last, "The Hero of Horndean," is the best. It is an interesting character-study.

*Montlivet.* By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH. (Constable, 6s.)

THE end of the seventeenth century in Canada, English and French rivalries, Indian friends and foes, and a

prisoner—such are the old materials for a new story into which Miss Smith infuses life and freshness. "Montlivet" is quite a charming romance. The English prisoner (Mary Starling in manly guise) is rescued from torture and death by the chivalrous M. de Montlivet, and carried into the wilderness as a comrade. Montlivet possesses all the qualities demanded of a hero of many adventures and of an honourable romantic lover, while Mary Starling is singularly attractive—a girl of courage, with a mind of fine texture, braced and tempered in a masculine school, a woman of "great and gracious ways," essentially feminine and lovable. The story of these adventurous lovers is more than merely exciting, it is fascinating, and delightfully told.

*The Trail Together. An Episode.* By H. H. BASHFORD. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE impression left by this story is that the moral focus is somehow wrong, or at least that Hilary's crime, punishment and regeneration are presented from a point of view that does not satisfy the reader as true or even probable. Hilary is the usual ne'er-do-weel younger son, who drifts to the colonies and loafs through life on a remittance from home. By nature ignoble and base, he is not of the stuff that is purified or elevated by adversity. He robs a dying man, and marries his daughter from reasons of convenience and silence: a girl of such doubtful reputation that even the outcasts of the neighbourhood cut her and despise her husband. This unattractive couple follow the trail together, first to increased prosperity and increased hardness of heart, then to sudden failure, and according to Hilary, to freedom of soul, and "more than liberty." It is an unexpected conclusion and to one reader entirely unconvincing. The Canadian scenes are interesting and have an atmosphere of their own, and the story is well written in a uniformly serious vein.

## FINE ART

### PORTRAITS

WITHOUT going quite so far as Mr. James, whose Gabriel Nash, it will be remembered, held that portrait-painting was "the strongest dose of art that life could give," we can endorse that worthy's insistence on the great peculiarity of portraiture: that it is a revelation of two realities, the man whom it is the artist's conscious effort to reveal, and the man (the interpreter) expressed in the very quality and temper of that effort. The success of our eighteenth-century portrait-painters was very largely due to the happy balance they maintained between these two realities; the failure of so many contemporary portrait-painters, able and technically well-equipped in other respects, is brought about by their neglect of one or other of the two. Which of these two realities is of greater importance depends on the point of view, for portraits are historical documents as well as works of art. By the historian it may be argued that to present the personality of the sitter—especially if he be well known—is the more important matter; but the artist will retort that it is the revelation of the painter's personality which gives the more enduring fame, that it is Velasquez and not Pulido Pareja who is the dominating personality in the portrait of the admiral at the National Gallery. However this may be, both artist and historian will concede that it is by a judicious blending of the two personalities, those of the sitter and of the painter, that masterpieces of portraiture have been produced.

Notwithstanding the absence of some of our ablest portrait-painters—notably Sir James Guthrie, Mr. W. Rothenstein and Mr. Steer—and the imperfect representation of several distinguished contributors, the sixteenth exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters at the New Gallery gives the visitor a fair idea of what

contemporary British painters are producing in this branch of art. Viewed as a whole, the collection suggests that our painters find it harder to achieve a good portrait than a good likeness, though on this point it is difficult to speak with authority without acquaintance with all the sitters. But if the many exhibits unsatisfactory as portraits are also bad likenesses, then little indeed can be said in their defence, and it seems more charitable to assume that failure has resulted from a preponderant attention to the objective. There are painters, like the Hon. John Collier, who have reduced the stern recording of features in line heightened with colour to so impersonal, if accurate, a science, that no trace of art is left. Such portraits may or may not reveal the reality of the sitter, but of the painter they convey nothing save a dim suggestion of tame respectability, neatness and methodical habits; and, however estimable these may be in a citizen, they are not qualities which give any great distinction to a painter. Indeed, they are qualities more admirable in a machine than in a human being, and for this reason we term any work of art in which they obtrusively occur, *mechanical*.

To catch a likeness is a part, an important part, of the portrait-painter's trade, but it is not the whole; and to give satisfaction in this respect to a sitter and to his or her family is no sure passport to the favour of posterity. In nine cases out of ten posterity cares far less for the person painted than for the manner of the painting, and therefore there is little cause for wonderment that some of the most famous portrait-pictures of the old masters, as Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, gave intense dissatisfaction to the persons painted. If report be true, there is to-day a painter, by no means undistinguished, whose portraits are apt to give greater pleasure to his critics than his sitters.

In judging contemporary work, then, it is safer to pay less regard to question of likeness and more to the manner of the painting. There is the more reason to adopt this procedure at the New Gallery since few of the exhibits save M. J. E. Blanche's *Thomas Hardy, Esq.* (7) and the equestrian portrait of *The King of Spain* (87), by Senor Ramon Casas, have considerable historic interest, and in these two cases, notwithstanding the sketchiness of the first, the manner of presentation is hardly inferior in interest to the person presented. Conversely, in a few works to which we are first attracted by the dexterity of the painting, we find an unexpected revelation of a sitter's reality. Notably is this the case in Mr. George Henry's *Helen, Daughter of W. Stirling Stuart, Esq., M.D.* (93), the cleverest and cruellest child-portrait that has been shown for many a year. This perfect presentation of precocious self-sufficiency and self-consciousness should be a revelation to any child—not to mention its parents. Mr. George Henry was commonly admitted to have shown the best portrait at this year's Royal Academy, and his contributions to the Portrait-Painters, which include a fine full-length of that gifted draughtswoman, Miss Dorothea Landau (39), ably maintain his reputation. Another child-portrait, *Miss Lamb* (120), by Mr. William Orpen, is chiefly interesting as an interior with figure beautifully painted; in the revelation of a personality he has done better things. Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, president of the society, sends two portraits: *Mrs. Joseph* (31), *Humphry Roberts, Esq.* (64); Mr. Sargent a single bust portrait of *General Leonard Wood, U.S. Army* (8); and these, with Mr. Lavery's *Mrs. R. B. Cunningham-Graham* (11), Signor Mancini's *The Marquis del Grillo* (76), and Mr. E. A. Walton's *J. W. Cruikshank, Esq.* (14), are all soundly painted: good if not remarkable examples of the art of their respective painters. Mr. C. H. Shannon's portrait of the landscape painter, *Robert Gregory, Esq.* (35), working at his easel with coat and waistcoat off, deserves still warmer praise. Simple and natural in conception, it is at the same time decorative in arrangement and the harmony of its subdued colour. No work in the gallery is more successful. Some portraits by Fantin and Carrière, and

some sculpture by Rodin—including a bronze mask of his earliest effort, *L'Homme au Nez Cassé* (227), are imports certain to attract the shillings of the public.

Though it includes two notable landscapes, Crome's *Return of the Flock*, and Constable's *Hampstead Heath*, shown at the Paris Salon of 1824, together with *The Hay Wain*, now at the National Gallery. Messrs. Agnew's annual exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund is practically a portrait collection. Its chief feature is a pair of portraits by Hals, *De Heer Bodolphe* and *Me Vrouw Bodolphe*, painted in 1643, that is to say when the artist was over sixty years of age, a fact which may have some bearing on the reticent handling and sober colour scheme which are the leading characteristics of these works. It is an open secret that these fine examples of Hals's art at its suavest, if not at its most brilliant, are the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and will eventually go to the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Another exhibit at Agnew's, Gainsborough's full-length portrait group of *Henry and Edward Tomkinson*, will also; it is reported, go to the United States at the conclusion of the exhibition. It is a graceful piece of grouping, and it is interesting to be able to compare this child-group with one of Reynolds, *William and George* (afterwards "Beau") *Brummell*, and a third of Vandyck's, *Children of the Balbi Family*, also at Agnew's. The last group, of three young boys, is said to have been at Genoa in 1621; and, if so, as seems probable, it must be considered a wonderful achievement for a boy under twenty-three years of age. The deep, rich colouring may recall Rubens, but already there is a daintiness in the handling and arrangement which is entirely Vandyck's own. In connection with what has been said above it will not be irrelevant to note that of these groups the Vandyck, which is the most eloquent expression of the painter's personality, is at the same time the most profound in its reading of child-character. The remaining exhibits are what we have learnt to expect from these exhibitions—more or less good, but never bad, examples of Raeburn, Romney, Hoppner, Morland, and Lawrence, the last represented by a good early portrait, *Harriet, Lady Aberdeen*, painted when this boy-prodigy was just of age. It is better than most of the works he painted, but to see the full strength of Lawrence we must go to another gallery.

At Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery (27 King Street) there is now on view a bust portrait by Lawrence of *The Rev. W. Pennycott*, which for vigour of handling and intense expression of character that painter probably never equalled. Certainly he never surpassed this effort, which must make his severest critic hesitate to dismiss Lawrence as a pretty painter of pretty women. Had he more often shown the power and insight into character displayed in this remarkable work, Lawrence could not justly be accused of failing, like Millais, to fulfil the promise of his youth. Another interesting portrait at Shepherd's is a half-length of *Charles I.*, by William Dobson, the brilliant pupil of Vandyck, whose brief career and unsuspected genius are only just emerging from the obscurity in which they have too long been hid. But for the civil war Dobson might have succeeded Vandyck as Court painter; but after a brief success at Oxford, where probably he painted this picture, he was overwhelmed by the tide of circumstance and died in want and neglect at the early age of thirty-five. Messrs. Shepherd have a reputation for bringing to light forgotten painters, and it is interesting to compare the flowing planes of colour in Dobson's portrait with the severely drawn Holbeinesque *Portrait of a Lady* by his Scottish contemporary, C. Jameson. Of its kind Jameson's work is good, but it unmistakably shows that in those days Scotland was behind and not, as many think it is now, before England in the matter of painting. The *Lady in Straw Bonnet*, which some critics last year were inclined to attribute to Raeburn, has now been given to Andrew Geddes, another Scottish painter of parts whom Messrs. Shepherd may claim to have rediscovered. A fine example of one of De Wint's rare landscapes in oils is a conspicuous



feature of this exhibition, whilst among many interesting portraits which we lack space to enumerate is the *Mrs. Allen*, a splendidly preserved, non-bituminous example of Reynolds, that great master of the two realities of portraiture.

## MUSIC

### TWO BIOGRAPHIES

THE numberless small volumes upon musical subjects, chiefly biographies of musicians and summaries of their work, which are constantly poured forth, may be taken as one indication of widespread interest in matters musical; it may, however, be very easily made to prove too much, for in this age of little books on great subjects music is naturally bound to come in for a share of attention of this kind. It is doubtful whether there are not quite as many little books on painters and their pictures, while if poets come in for less personal attention, the number of small anthologies of English verse can scarce be counted. It is easy to criticise a short book but very difficult to write one; at any rate when the effort to compress the outline of a large subject into a small space is sincere: since the scope of each of these books on music is generally the whole life-work of a great man, this difficulty of compression has constantly to be grappled with, and, be it said, most of these efforts bear the stamp of sincerity, whatever their shortcomings. Two examples are here to be considered: "Tchaikovsky" by Edwin Evans (J. M. Dent and Co.), and "Giacomo Puccini" by Wakeling Dry (John Lane). Where, as in the latter case, the writer deals with a living composer and one who has confined himself to a single branch of the art, the task is very much lightened; but on the other hand the author is breaking new ground and cannot avail himself of the efforts of other writers to any great extent. Mr. Wakeling Dry has one great advantage, that of some personal acquaintance with his subject. He has met and talked with Puccini, and has the art of recording his impressions in such a way as to give a pleasant picture of the man, and one which rings true. This is the chief justification of the "Living Masters of Music" series, of which Mr. Wakeling Dry's book is the latest volume. The illustrated interview has its attractions, and many people will enjoy the book for its illustrations alone. We have Puccini in his motor-car and in his motor-boat, "Butterfly," Puccini shooting, wrestling, snowballing, descending Etna on a mule—in fact, Puccini in every conceivable pose and many inconceivable costumes; all of which is very entertaining until we remember that after all it is only as a musician that he is an object of interest. In this capacity Mr. Wakeling Dry does not bring his readers very near to his subject. The chapters on the individual operas sketch the plot of each fairly fully, and show, by the way, how sordid tragedy invariably seems to Puccini the fittest subject for the exercise of his art, but we know very little more about the music after reading the book than before. A reader who had heard no opera by Puccini would learn nothing of the texture of the music; of those operas which are known a recollection is sometimes brought to mind by a word of description recalling some characteristic of Puccini's colouring, or some mannerism of the melody, such as his favourite one of beginning with a reiterated note. This does not, however, amount to much; it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey by words alone to people wholly ignorant of any piece of music an idea of its content, but with the aid of a few quotations something more helpful to the large number of people, who have heard one or two of the operas once or twice, might be written.

Mr. Edwin Evans's little book on Tchaikovsky takes a very different line, as indeed the different circumstances under which it appears demand that it should. He is

treading upon well-worn ground; the subject has been treated exhaustively, and he has but to sift the researches of others and to include in his work their most salient features, with the addition of some personal contribution to the criticism of Tchaikovsky's individual works. Mr. Evans's book is much more carefully written than that of Mr. Wakeling Dry. In the latter the signs of haste are too evident and sometimes deplorable. Mr. Evans's English grammar, however, is quite irreproachable, if his style is sometimes a trifle pompous. When we have read his account of Tchaikovsky's life we have none of that comfortable feeling of having hobbled on equal terms with a great man, but we have a clear impression of the course of an interesting life and some idea of Tchaikovsky's curiously blended character. One is grateful, too, for the reticence with which he touches on the tragedy of the composer's marriage, and for the fact that he does not dwell upon the morbid side of his nature except as it helps to explain the works. This much is gleaned from the first part called "Tchaikovsky: the man"; in the second, "Tchaikovsky: the musician," the author discusses the works classified according to their various types. While dealing with the operas he is occupied by the dramatic scheme almost as entirely as is Mr. Wakeling Dry, and with less excuse since, Tchaikovsky's operatic music is of the formal and positive kind, whereas Puccini's merely decorates the dramatic situation. When, however, he comes to the symphonies, concertos and other orchestral works, Mr. Evans makes more definite musical comments, and some of his descriptions, as in the case of the second symphony, are enlightening. His point of view is rather that of the conventional admirer who does not look very deep. For instance, the following comment on the second subject of the last movement of the fourth symphony shows his limit of boldness as a critic. Every one will remember the halting character which the minim rests at the end of each phrase give to the theme. Those rests are the only part which Tchaikovsky invented, the notes are those of a Russian folksong. Mr. Evans says:

There is a characteristic vigour about the original which is impaired by the redundant beats. That may be a trifling blemish in a great work, and it is perhaps ungracious to mention it, but in the opinion of many the finale does not reach the level of the rest in the symphony, and therefore one is to some extent justified in doing so.

The rests are in reality a striking instance of that *banalité* which over and over again makes some gorgeous piece of orchestral display sound absurd. In this movement most people feel that a great fuss is made about a very commonplace tune, and the tune is not commonplace if its phrases remain unbroken. The writer here and elsewhere does not distinguish the composer's strength from his weakness.

A more critical attitude in both these authors would be helpful, whereas their powers of description would still make their writings pleasant. The average reader wants criticism, not because he wants to be told what to think, but because it forms a starting-point for his thought. A criticism of the "Pathetic" symphony, one which tries according to the writer's point of view to show what is beautiful and what morbid, is not likely to be completely endorsed by any one reader, but it may send many a one back to listen more closely to the next performance of it, to form for himself an individual standpoint, whereas a eulogy has no such stimulating effect. Interest in music is to-day fairly general, but discrimination is limited: these small books might do something more to widen it.

H. C. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—According to J. W. D. in your issue of November 24 the ballads of the "Hunting of the Cheviot" and of "Otterburne" are

"entirely different poems," and "do not even refer to the same event." Professor Hales is quoted as the authority for the opinion. But on the other hand the late Professor Child held that the two ballads are "founded on the same occurrence," "The Hunting of the Cheviot" being the later of the two, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad. This quotation is from the single volume edition of Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" (Sargent and Kittredge. Nutt, 1905). Child's version of "Otterburne" is from a Cottonian manuscript "of about 1550." He regards the grammatical forms of his version of "The Hunting of the Cheviot" as earlier than those in his "Otterburne," but believes the Otterburne ballad itself to be the earlier. "The Hunting of the Cheviot" describes the battle which it celebrates as that of Otterburne. Verse 56 of "The Hunting" is verse 61 of Otterburne. The same persons are present, and are slain or taken, in both ballads. How, then, can we deny that both ballads "refer to the same event"? The traditions used by the balladists in each case varied considerably, but Hume of Godscroft, in the reign of James VI. and I., seems to have been justified in regarding "Otterburne" as the less remote from the facts of history. I am unable, at this moment, to consult the "Folia Litteraria" of Professor Hailes, but it seems hasty to rely on his opinion as decisive.

A. LANG.

### "WINGED WORDS" AND WOMEN'S STEERING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You state in your number of November 24, p. 518, col. 1, that the writer of "Winged Words" says that the fourth minor characteristic of women is that they "cannot steer a boat." To me this is like saying that women cannot ride. Last Sunday afternoon a pretty, blue-eyed Lancashire girl—who is reading for the B.Sc. exam.—steered a single-streak sculling-eight for the first time, and did it capitably, keeping us out of the tide better than one of our best men-coxes did in the morning. Girls frequently steer our light outriggered fours and other boats in the Furnivall Sculling Club; and in the summer my big three-sculler is almost always steered by a girl. In Skiff Club races, girls continually steer, and steer well too. Any girl who can cut out her own blouses and skirts, or play croquet or lawn-tennis, is pretty sure to be able to keep the right line on a river. If the women with whom the writer of "Winged Words" sculls cannot steer properly, he must be to blame for teaching them badly.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

### PARACLETE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to my review of Mr. Newman Howard's "Savonrola," in which I questioned his application of "Paraclete" to the second Person of the Holy Trinity, Mr. Fred. G. Ackerley writes: "The fact remains that the second Person in the Holy Trinity is a Paraclete."

True; also, for example, St. Agnes was a Blessed Virgin; but the title "The Blessed Virgin" is generally reserved for a special application.

YOUR REVIEWER.

### PALGRAVE'S "GOLDEN TREASURY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," as a work of art, as "a thing of beauty," is so near perfection, that the presence of the least, most superficial, blemish is especially to be regretted. In the presentation of some half-score of the pieces there appears—and persists down to the latest editions—an unpleasant dislocation and breach of symmetry in the alignment of corresponding stanzas, which ought certainly to be corrected on the earliest opportunity. I hope you will think it worth while to allow me through your columns to draw attention to the corrections required. To save space, I use the sign = to express "should align with"; i, ii, . . . for number of stanza, or strophe; 1, 2, . . . for number of line.

XXII. i. 8=i. 5: ii. 5=i. 5: i. 9=ii. 9: where the lines in question stand at present thus:

- i. 5 But my Sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping  
8 Softly, now softly lies,  
9 Sleeping.  
ii. 5 —Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping!  
While She lies sleeping  
8 Softly, now softly lies,  
Sleeping!

XXV. i. 10, 11=ii. 10, 11: and should (surely) be divided thus:

Hearts with a thought, rosy lips  
With a kiss still entertaining.

LXXIII. ii. 2, 4, 6, 8=i. 2, 4, 6, 8: ii. 9, 10=i. 9, 10.

XCVII. i. 1, 5, ii. 1, 5=iii. 1, 5, iv. 1, 5: or *vice versa*.

CXXIII. i. 5=i. 4: or, perhaps better, i. ii. iii. 5=i. ii. iii. 6.

CLIX. (The Bard) This is the worst case of all.

(A) i. ii. iv. v. vii. viii. should agree. i. i=i. 3: ii. 1-4, 9, 10=i. 1-4, 9, 10: iv. 1-4, move *en bloc* to margin: iv. 9-12=i. (v.) 9-12: vii. 12=vi. 10: viii. 1-4=vi. 1-4.

(B) iii. vi. ix. should agree. vi. 2, 4, 7, 10, 12, 14=vi. i.: vi. 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13=vi. 15: ix. 1, 5, 7, 10=ix. 2: ix. 8, 9=ix. 3.

CCLXXXVI. ii. 5=ii. 3: iii. 4=iii. 2: iv. 7=iv. 5.

CCLXIX. ii. *en bloc* to left, so that ii. 1=i. 1.

CCXC. ii. 9=ii. 6: ii. 10=ii. 7.

CCCV. i. 5, 7=1. 4: i. 6, 8=i. 10: iii. 10, 11=iii. 8.

The edition dealt with is the shilling edition, 1905, reprinted 1906.

A. C. AUCHMUTY.

Edgbaston, November 22.

### IN PETTO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent "C." is no doubt right in his derivation of the expression "in petto." It is an Italian word and comes through the Latin "pectus," and, in our English use of it, means "in reserve."

May I illustrate this meaning by a quotation from Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," chapter eleven. Mr. Oldbuck says: "Well, what shall we set about? My essay on Castration—but I have that in *petto* for our afternoon cordial."

RANDALL VICKERS.

### IRISH YESTERDAYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the notice of "Some Irish Yesterdays" in your last issue, I see that the Reviewer speaks of the appeal, contained in the last chapter, "by Irishman and Irishwoman" on behalf of their people.

May I point out, what is well known here, that the gifted members of this literary partnership are both women.

Dublin.

L.

[We acknowledge also the receipt of a letter from "Eothen," pointing out that "Martin Ross" is the pseudonym of a woman.—ED.]

### APPLAUSE AT CONCERTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An eccentric writer in a musical paper has just given it as his opinion that "great works, whether sacred or secular, should be listened to in silence," and thinks that "interruptions of any kind are disturbing and, it may be added, inartistic," to which another extraordinary gentleman, after reproducing this astounding dictum, cries "Hear, hear!" Is it, then, actually possible that there are human beings in the world who gravely advocate the abolition of applause after the performance of any great musical composition? No one detests indiscriminate handclapping more than I do, and it is chiefly for this reason that I now very rarely attend concerts, as I cannot stand the encore nuisance, an evil which seems to be growing instead of diminishing. But to argue that no applause is necessary after listening to the movements of a great chamber work or symphony, and to wish that they should be received in silence, is, of course, the very height of absurdity, for how else is one to know whether a composition has met with success or not? In the British Parliament legislators express their approval of a statement or speech by crying "Hear, hear"; in the concert-room the audience, if they admire anything, clap their hands, and so it will ever continue to be. Things would indeed come to a pretty pass if any kind of applause were abolished. It is, in fact, an utter impossibility.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

November 25.

### A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no hesitation in saying that 'Tis we that receive is right and that the common method of analysing such sentences is wrong. In the English language the pronoun *it* never is an antecedent. The relative that is plural and agrees with *we*. Consequently, *It is thou that gives* is wrong, though it can be plausibly analysed to give sense. Compare *He it is that loveth me*, in German, *Der ist es, der mich liebet*. Again, "It was thou that leddest out and broughtest in Israel," the French version of which is noteworthy—*Tu étais celui qui menais et qui ramenais Israël*. It is plain that such sentences as *It is we*, etc., do not logically contain the principal assertion, but merely serve to emphasise the subject and the relative clause contains the main predicate. The examples quoted from Burns are not instances of poetical licence, but are the correct idiom of the dialect in which he writes.

May I be allowed to suggest here that spelling reformers may very properly begin by setting right the spelling of geographical names. The exigencies of the French and Italian languages demand that foreign names undergo a change. English makes no such demand, yet we mutilate Greek proper names, for example, in the same manner as Frenchmen and Italians do.

WM. BURD.



## THE VALUE OF THE LETTER

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—A real interest and importance attaches to the objection which has been raised against a reform of English spelling by Gladys Jones. The ability to speak well is a valuable personal asset, a possession as delightful as rare. And any circumstance which threatens to restrict this ability and lessen our opportunity of listening to effective speech asks from us as listeners at least careful consideration if not reprehension. The burden of the plea against reform is, I take it, this: that we shall not suffer the best characteristics of good speech to be subordinated to considerations of commercial or scientific expediency. With certain reservations I endorse the plea. But I as cordially disagree with the proposition that the adoption of fonetic spelling would tend to render more difficult of acquirement the art of reading well, or to rob the written or printed page of any of its helpfulness to such an attainment.

On the contrary it will be fairly easy to show that fonetic spelling is theoretically calculated to promote efficiency of speech and that experience has established the theory as sound.

A vein of sofistry runs, unconsciously I suppose, thru the arguments adduced, respecting, for instance, the value of silent letters which are held to be suggestive of mentally audible shades of sounds. The "gh" in "light" is a case in point. A little reflection, however, will show that the ghost (or ghost) of this sound is not in residence in the combination "gh"; but like most other shades is prone to "walk" elsewhere—is, in fact, purely traditional. Of the many values possessed by "gh" tradition decides which is correct. Compare "light," "tough," "hiccough," "cough," "lough," "though," "through." "Allusive" signs are apt to prove elusiv, illusive or even delusiv, rather than indicativ.

Repeated references have been made to music. Think what the effect upon the study of music would be if the musical notation were as inconsistent as the representation of English speech!

Let the lines of a stave of written music run parallel for the space of half a bar; then let the lines occupy the position usually assigned to the spaces; interweave them and introduce occasionally an additional line or two; sometimes use the treble clef to represent the bass; call the note in the bottom space of the stave F in this bar, A in the next; once in a while let it be indicative of "inward music" only; let "rests" be "notes," semibreves be crochets, "sharps" be played as "naturals"; and you will have a fair idea of the service "allusive and indicativ signs" will perform for music.

Speech is undoubtedly an art. Spelling is the science of its representation. And in the interests of the art it is most highly desirable that the science be as perfect—that is as simple and consistent, not necessarily as elaborate—as possible. Science may be but the second stage of knowledge; but it is not on that account a hindrance to the attainment of the stage of illumination. The stage of illumination is likely to be more comprehensible if supported upon the basis of science.

T. TALBOT LODGE.

November 20.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Roth, H. Ling. *The Yorkshire Coiners, 1767-1783*, and notes on Old and Prehistoric Halifax. With numerous beautiful original illustrations by H. R. Oddy, Thomas Binns, C. Praetorius, and others, and chapters on The Making of Halifax, etc., by John Lister, and on the Blackheath Prehistoric Circle, by J. Lawson Russell. 10x8. Pp. xxvii, 322. Halifax: King, 2s. net.

Evelyn's *Sculptura*. Edited by C. F. Bell. 7½x5½. Pp. lxiv, 183. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library." Contains the hitherto unpublished second part. The volume before us is divided and numbered in two parts, with separate introductions. The text of the first is, in the main, a reprint of the first edition ("Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper, with an ample enumeration of the most renowned Masters, and their Works. To which is annexed A new manner of Engraving, or Messo Tinto, communicated by his Highness Prince Rupert to the Author of this Treatise," printed in 1662), with some corrections and additions "taken from the Margin of the Author's printed copy," which were incorporated in the second edition (1755). The three plates which appeared in the first edition are reproduced here. The MS. of the second part was discovered by Professor Church in the Library of the Royal Society. The advertisement to Book II. suggests that Evelyn meant to offer nothing more than a translation of the Appendix to Bosse's "Traicté des Manières de Graver en Taille Douce sur l'airain," and Professor Church has compared the two. "The six plates [they are reproduced in the volume before us] with their lettering are exactly described by Evelyn," he says, "while the bulk of the French text is reproduced in the translation. But Evelyn . . . rearranged the original material," and added, altered and omitted.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

George Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life, based on the Journals and correspondence of His Royal Highness. Edited by Edgar Sheppard, D.D. With illustrations. Vol. I. 1819-1871; Vol. II. 1871-1904. Pp. xx, 667. Longmans, 24s. net. (See p. 542.)

Orage, A. R. *Friedrich Nietzsche; die Dionysian Spirit of the Age*. 7½x4½. Pp. 83. Foulis, 1s. net.

[In the "Spirit of the Age" series.]

Fyvie, John. *Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era*. Illustrated. 9½x6. Pp. 445. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

[Biographical sketches of Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton; Charlotte Clarke; Catherine Clive; Margaret Woffington; George Ann Bellamy; Frances Abington; Sophia Baddeley; Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby; Mary Robinson—"Perdita"; Mary Sumbel—"Becky" Wells; Dora Jordan; and Harriot Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans.]

## FICTION.

Whistler, Chas. W. *Gerald the Sheriff*. Illustrated by Lancelot Speed. 7½x5½. Pp. 294. Warne, 6s. (See p. 548.)

Love's *Trilogy: Julie's Diary, Marie, God's Peace*. From the Danish of Peter Nansen by Julia le Gallienne. 7½x5. Pp. 377. Heinemann, 6s.

Tighe, Harry. *The Calcut Girl*. A Spanish Story of a Gipsy with a Faithful Heart. 7½x5. Pp. 277. Routledge, 6s.

*The Simple Plan*. The Story of a Primitive Girl. 7½x5½. Pp. 267. Sherratt & Hughes, 6s.

Fox, John, Jr. *A Knight of the Cumberland*. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. 7½x5. Pp. 158. Constable, 2s. 6d. net. 1

de Sélincourt, Hugh. *A Boy's Marriage*. 7½x5½. Pp. 307. Lane, 6s.

Turner, Reginald. *Davray's Affairs*. 7½x5½. Pp. 374. Greening, 6s.

Blackwood, Algernon. *The Empty House, and other ghost stories*. 7½x5. Pp. 316. Nash, 6s.

[Ten short stories.]

Chesson, Nora. *Father Felix's Chronicles*. Edited by W. H. Chesson. 8x5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.

West, Nicholson. *The Mysterious Millionaire*. 7½x5½. Pp. 352. Greening, 6s.

Cornish, Ernest. *Bazin's Gold*. A romance, 7½x5½. Pp. 253. Greening, 3s. 6d.

Sherard, Robert H. *After the Fault*. 7½x5. Pp. 272. Sisley's, 6s.

## HISTORY.

Stirling, Amelia Hutchison. *A Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social History in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*. 8½x6. Pp. 225. Blackie, 6s. net.

[An attempt to trace the social and industrial progress made by Scotland during the two hundred years since the union of her Parliament with that of England.]

Lanciani, Rodolfo. *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome*, from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paulus III. Profusely illustrated. 9½x6½. Pp. 340. Constable, 21s. net.

[The early chapters describe the city before the election of Pope Paul III. Then follows an account of the change brought about under him, and a study of the four men who, above all others, fostered or perfected the reform movement: Agostino Chigi in the financial development; Raphael and Michelangelo in the artistic; and Vittoria Colonna in the religious and moral. In dealing with their lives the author has endeavoured to confine himself to particulars either unpublished or little known. In developing the subject one principal aim has been kept in view: to illustrate the few monuments of the period left standing in Rome, mostly concealed under modern superstructures.]

Fyfe, W. T. *Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott*. With an introduction by R. S. Rait. 9x6. Pp. xxi, 314. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

[A "picture" of the social life of Edinburgh at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.]

Knyvett, Sir Henry. *The Defence of the Realm*. 1596. With an introduction by Charles Hughes. 7½x5½. Pp. xxxvi, 75. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart" Library. This pamphlet, "scribed in haste and finished the xixth of April 1596"—eight years after the Spanish Armada—is now printed for the first time, from a MS. in the Chetham Library, Manchester.]

## LITERATURE.

Crawford, Charles. *Collectanea*. First Series, 7½x5½. Pp. 136. Stratford-on-Avon: at the Shakespeare Head Press, 3s. 6d. net.

[Papers on: "Richard Barnfield, Marlowe and Shakespeare"; "Ben Jonson's Method of Composing Verse"; "John Webster and Sir Philip Sidney"; "Edmund Spenser, 'Selimus,' and 'Locrine'"; and "The Authorship of 'Arden of Feversham.'" All save the last, which was published in the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1903, have appeared in *Notes and Queries*.]

Brunot, Ferdinand. *Histoire de la Langue Française des Origines à 1900*. Tome II.—La Seizième Siècle. 10x6½. Pp. 504. Paris: Armand Colin, 15fr.

Carroll, the Rev. John S. *Prisoners of Hope*. An exposition of Dante's *Purgatorio*. 9½x6½. Pp. xxvii, 511. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.

[Follows the general plan and method of the author's previous book on the *Inferno*, "Exiles of Eternity." It is an exposition, canto by canto, "with the special purpose of bringing out the ethical significance of what many Dante students regard as the most interesting, because the most human, part of the *Commedia*."]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Mackenzie, W. Leslie. *The Health of the School Child*. 7½x5½. Pp. 120. Methuen, 2s. 6d.

[Papers on The Hygiene of School Life, Normal Growth in School Ages, Medical Examination and the Supervision of Schools and School Children, The School Doctor in Germany; and notes on the Revaccination of School Children in Germany and on the Plan of a German Elementary School.]

Moncrieff, A. R. Hope. *The World of To-day*. Vol. vi. 10½x7½. Pp. 380. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[A survey of the lands and peoples of the globe as seen in travel and commerce.]

McSpadden, J. Walker. *Stories from Dickens*. 7½x5½. Pp. 245. Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.

*The World's Work and Play*. An Illustrated Magazine of National Efficiency and Social Progress. Edited by Henry Norman. Vol. viii.—June to November 1906. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 640. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Robinson, Alonzo Clark. *The Poet's Parables*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 48. Appleton, 1s. net.

Glasgow Corporation Public Libraries: *Index Catalogue of the Dennistoun District Library*; and *Index Catalogue of the Maryhill District Library*. Each 7½ x 5. Pp. 434 and 418. Glasgow: Printed for the Corporation Committee on Libraries at the University Press by Robert MacLehose, n.p.

Reich, Emil. *Success in Life*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 324. Nash, 5s. net.

### MUSIC.

*Proceedings of the Musical Association*. Thirty-third session, 1905-1906. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 184. Novello, 21s. net.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Waite, Arthur Edward. *Studies in Mysticism and Certain Aspects of the Secret Tradition*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 348. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.

### POETRY.

Pope, Jessie. *Paper Pellets*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 88. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net. [Humorous pieces, reprinted from *Punch*, *Vanity Fair*, and other periodicals.]

### POLITICS.

Worsfold, W. Basil. *Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, from its Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902*. With portraits and map. 9 x 5½. Pp. 620. Murray, 15s. net. [Contains hitherto unpublished information.]

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

*The Poetical Works of John Keats*. Edited, with an introduction and textual notes, by H. Buxton Forman. 9 x 5½. Pp. lxi, 491. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[This edition varies from those which Mr. Buxton has prepared before, in that it is neither an exhaustive variorum edition nor a mere unannotated text, but a text illustrated by readings and cancelled passages selected from the great mass of manuscript and printed material. Sixteen lines of "The Eve of Saint Mark," found by the Editor in a Keats scrap-book lent to him by Mr. Frank Sabin, are given in the introduction; and a facsimile of each of the two pages of the manuscript illustrates the poem. These sixteen lines have not been printed in any other edition. There are four portraits.]

*Sea Songs and Ballads*. Selected by Christopher Stone. With an introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. 7 x 4½. Pp. 213. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.

*The Works of Shakespeare. Love's Labour's Lost*. Edited by H. C. Hart. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 184. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net. [In "The Arden Shakespeare."]

*Measure for Measure and King Henry IV., part ii*. Edited by E. K. Chambers. Each 6½ x 3½. Pp. 125 and 141. Blackie, leather 1s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. net. [In "The Red-Letter Shakespeare."]

Kirkup, Thomas. *A History of Socialism*. 17½ x 5½. Pp. 406. Black, 7s. 6d. net. [Third edition, revised and enlarged.]

*The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith*. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Austin Dobson. Illustrated. 8 x 5½. Pp. xxxvi, 278. *The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood*. Edited, with notes by Walter Jerrold. 8 x 5½. Pp. xv, 773. Froude, 3s. 6d. net.

[In "The Oxford Poets" series. Chronology of Goldsmith's Life and Poems, and Chronological Table of the Life of Hood. In the appendices a large number of notes are given and there is an index of first lines in the "Poetical Works of Hood." Both volumes are also issued in satene cloth, India paper at 5s. each, and in various leather bindings at 6s. and upwards.]

*Dampier's Voyages*. Consisting of a New Voyage Round the World, a Supplement to the Voyage Round the World. Two Voyages to Campeachy, a Discourse of Winds, a Voyage to New Holland, and a Vindication, in answer to the Chimerical Relation of William Funnell. By Captain William Dampier. Edited by John Masefield. In two volumes—vol. i. 9 x 6. Pp. 612. E. Grant Richards, 25s. net.

[The text used for the "New Voyage round the World," the "Voyage to Tonquin," the "Description of Campeachy," and the "Discourse of Winds" is that of the sixth edition. The text used for the "Voyage to New Holland" is that of the edition of 1729, which has been collated with the earlier editions.]

Birrell, Augustine. *In the Name of the Bodleian, and other Essays*. Second edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 214. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.

Dolling, Robert R. *Ten Years in a Portsmouth Ship*. With 18 full-page illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 272. Masters, 3s. 6d. [Seventh edition.]

*Pepys's Memoires of the Royal Navy 1679-1688*. Edited, with an introduction by J. R. Tanner. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xviii, 144. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library." Published by Pepys in June 1690, as a defence of the naval administration of himself and his "unhappy master" during the ten years ending 1688. It was intended as a fore-runner of his projected work "Navalia," which was never completed.]

*Hobbes's Deities*. 1581. With an introduction by Walter Raleigh. 7½ x 6½. Pp. xviii, 104. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.

[In "The Tudor and Stuart Library." An exact reprint of the Bodleian copy of "His Deities for his owne exercise, and his Friends pleasure." About a dozen obvious and trivial misprints have been corrected. Others, to avoid the intrusion of anything like conjectural emendation, have been left standing.]

*The Works of Mrs. Gaskell: Cousin Phillis, and other tales*. With illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 727. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.

[Vol. vii. of the "Knausford Edition," edited by Dr. A. W. Ward. Contains: "Cousin Phillis," "Loie the Witch," "The Crooked Branch";

"Curious if True"; "Right at Last"; "The Grey Woman"; "Six Weeks at Heppenheim"; "A Dark Night's Work"; "The Shah's English Gardener"; "French Life"; "Crowley Castle"; and fragments of two Ghost Stories found without date or other clue to the period of their production, among Mrs. Gaskell's papers and now printed for the first time.]

*Aeschylus: the Seven Plays in English Verse*. Translated by Lewis Campbell. Pp. 278. *Morley's Rise of the Dutch Republic*. With an introduction by Clement Shorter. In three volumes. Pp. 560, 612, 591. *The Poems of Matthew Arnold, 1830-1866*. With an introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Pp. 353. *Essays and Sketches by Leigh Hunt*. Chosen and edited with an introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. Pp. 419. Each 6½ x 4. Froude, 1s. net per vol. [In "The World's Classics."] ]

Mayne Reid's *The Scalp Hunters*. Illustrated. 6½ x 4. Pp. 462. Defoe's *Captain Singleton*. Illustrated. 6½ x 4. Pp. 303. Froude, 1s. net each. [In "The Boy's Classics."] ]

### THEOLOGY.

Tyrrell, George. *A Much Abused Letter*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 104. Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.

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Roberts, Richard. *The Meaning of Christ*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 134. Allenson, 2s. 6d.

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Iverach, James. *The Other Side of Greatness, and other sermons*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 259. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

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[Addresses delivered in substance at St. Lawrence Jewry, during Lent.]

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*The Expositor*. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. Seventh series. Vol. i. 9 x 6. Pp. 572. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

Miller, J. R. *Morning Thoughts for Every Day in the Year*. 4½ x 3. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.

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Hartley, L. Conrad. *Wind-Suckers in the Hebridean Seas*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 285. Manchester: Cornish, 6s. net.

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Becke, Louis. *Sketches from Normandy*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 250. Werner Laurie, 6s.

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IN *The Polish Jew*, by Beatrice C. Baskerville (Chapman and Hall), we have a book that contains many anecdotes of considerable interest and not a few valuable studies in psychology. As a sociological essay, however, the book is not altogether trustworthy. Instead of viewing the problem she has set before herself as a whole, the author has dealt with a number of individual cases, those which happened to come under her personal notice but which there is no reason to believe are to any extent representative. Judging by her book, we must conclude that, despite the eight years she has spent in Poland, she has never come into real contact with the people of whom she writes. She has never had more than an external view of them, and in her presence, coming, as she did, apparently surrounded by all the anti-Semitic prejudices of the Polish petty nobility, the Jews were never at their ease, never in a natural attitude. Whenever Miss Baskerville and her Polish friends appeared upon the scene the Jews felt themselves restrained, for they well recognised that there was no sympathy between them and their visitors. The author has made the mistake of imagining that this restrained attitude was natural, and has judged them accordingly. As an instance of the insufficiency of the volume, we may remark the entire absence of all reference to the new nationalist movement, known as the Ito, founded by Mr. Zangwill. This movement is undoubtedly one of the most living of the forces influencing Polish Jewry to-day, and at present far overshadows Zionism. In Miss Baskerville's pages, however, Zionism is everything, while Itoism does not appear. On the other hand, the importance of the Bund, the Polish Jewish Revolutionary Organisation, is grossly exaggerated. In fact, the whole picture that is given of the Jewry of Poland is distorted and ill-proportioned.



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